WEEK ENDING OCT. 30, 1926

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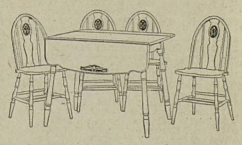

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

DISFRANCHISING PENNSYLVANIA AND ILLINOIS—*An Editorial*

We sit down to write an editorial on the Senatorial situation in Pennsylvania and Illinois, unable to decide whether white is black or black is white.

The situation in Pennsylvania and Illinois is confusing, the solution is not in sight, and the problems arising are so involved as seriously to threaten the United States Senate. No one believes that any person will contribute huge sums to campaigns unless he expects something, directly or indirectly, from it. But there are other aspects of this primary problem.

Admit that Vare and Smith spent dangerously large sums in order to win the Republican primaries. Suppose they spend little or nothing to win their elections to the United States Senate. Has the Senate the right to refuse them their seats?

Senators from Arizona, Kansas, and Oklahoma, among others, have declared in advance of the election that, if elected, Vare and Smith will not be seated. Probably a majority of Senators, fearing to vote for anyone who has spent much money in securing a nomination or election after the fate of Senators in the Newberry case, will vote against Vare and Smith and partially disfranchise the second and third States of the Union.

Probably no issue was ever more clean cut than that in the Pennsylvania primaries. Vare, a wet, was opposed by Pepper, a modified dry, and by Pinchot, an ultra-dry. Pepper was backed by the Federal machine and the Pittsburgh machine; Vare by the Philadelphia machine and the opponents of prohibition; and Pinchot by the State machine. Pepper spent $1,200,000; Vare about half as much; and the pure Pinchot spent more than Newberry was ousted from the Senate for spending in Michigan. Vare was elected over the man who spent double what Vare did. Under the theory on which Newberry was unseated, not one of the three could become a Senator—and Pennsylvania would be disfranchised because the primary system has become too expensive.

The situation differs in Illinois. Smith, chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, was a candidate against Senator McKinley. Both were drys. McKinley spent much more than Smith did; yet Smith was nominated. There was an added impropriety in Illinois, in that Smith's managers accepted $300,000 from Samuel Insull, who is perhaps the largest public-utility man in America. No one gives $300,000 platonically—and Smith, as Chairman of Public Utilities, was in position to do much good for Insull's corporations. Yet Brennan, Smith's Democratic opponent, also received donations from Insull—about one-twentieth as much as Smith got. Republican Smith and Vare probably will be elected. Pennsylvania's primaries are tantamount to election. Illinois is normally Republican and, in addition, the religious issue has been dragged into the campaign, and hurt Brennan down-State.

We have an odd situation: the men who defeated candidates that spent much more than they did in the primaries are to be denied seats because they spent too much. Pennsylvania has more than 2,000,000 voters and Illinois casts 1,500,000 votes in a national election; yet Senators from Arizona with about 80,000 votes, Arkansas with 200,000, and Oklahoma with 500,000, will decide what it is proper to spend in larger States.

Dislike of the larger and richer States by the smaller, and lack of unity in the Union, enter into the situation, as well as the fear of personal defeat which influences some Senators. Probably Vare and Smith did spend too much money; but shall Nevada, Arizona, Kansas, and Oklahoma partly disfranchise States with from ten to twenty times as great population?

It is all very confusing. The one thing clear is that the direct primary, instead of purifying our election system, has only served to make it more dangerous.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Mine Host Entertains Thieves

HAS the old commandment been modified to read: "Thou Shalt Not Steal, Except from the Best Hotels"? That's what you'll ask yourself when you read NORMAN S. HALL'S startling article, MINE HOST ENTERTAINS THIEVES. It's full of revelations about the light-fingered guests who actually lift from the big hotels, every year, enough fittings to fill a great department store.

Jazz, gin, motor cars, and money—those were life's necessities to Fifi Printon, who puts the kick in Sophie Kerr's story, THE BAD LITTLE EGG. But Fate had a devastating jolt in store for Fifi. Don't miss reading how she got what she deserved.

LITTLE NANNIE LANGHORNE is an article giving a privileged look at the girlhood of Lady Astor, the first woman member of Britain's Parliament. It's intimate and absorbing. VERA L. CONNOLLY wrote it.

Mystery has long surrounded the methods of New York's world-famous Homicide Squad. But now BEN LUCIEN BURMAN, in A DISCIPLE OF THE BORGIAS, tells us how Inspector Arthur Carey, of this celebrated squad, tracked down a ruthless poisoner.

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The Affair of the LEOPARD'S SPOTS

A Short Story of a Jewel Mystery and a Bride's Intuition

By

Achmed Abdullah

Pictures by GEORGE GIGUERE

YEARS earlier, Alexander Marpurjo had come out of Africa, pursued by raw, incredible tales—of trading in "black ivory" —slaves.

A TINY buzz of voices. High-pitched, stumbling, lurching laughter. On a platform at the farther end of the large room, Negro musicians, with silver instruments glued to their thick, purplish-blue lips, playing the hiccoughy, sensuous thump and whine of the latest Irving Berlin tune, jerking up and down in their chairs like Italian marionettes, swinging their instruments in crazy, gleaming circles.

Couples dancing. Feet shuffling and gliding, blond heads riveted against red-painted cheeks, dark heads against white-painted cheeks, arms and bodies twisted about each other, gesturing their abandon.

Other couples at small tables, drinking, smoking, flinging raucous, ineffectual shouts against the blare of the saxophones.

Stolid, stony-eyed lackeys moving about, balancing trays laden with small glasses.

A reek of dust and liquor and rice powder and stinging, perspiring perfumes.

A New York cabaret?

No. It was Paris. Not a cabaret, either, but the smartest, most up-to-date wedding supper-dance of the social season.

"America is all the rage these days," the little Princess de Lissac had said to her fiance, Baron Pascal Marpurjo, who had somewhat demurred. "Black men! Jazz! Cocktails! It's chic—it's Parisian. Please!"

So it was black men and jazz and cocktails

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AFFAIR OF THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS]
Continued from Page Nine

after the religious ceremony in the church of St. Sulpice; and, since it was the latest French fad, there was really nothing out of the ordinary about the scene except the place where it was given: the immense, gray, medieval stone pile that housed the Club Cosmopolite.

The Cosmopolite was the most exclusive affair of its sort in Europe.

Membership was restricted to two classes: aristocrats and millionaires, the former sneering at and envying the latter, and the latter returning the compliment. Its sole reason for existence was the Louis Quinze suite of rooms on the ground floor — large, comfortable rooms devoted to gambling.

You could play there any game you fancied for any stake you could or could not afford.

Bridge for 1,000 francs a point, in which two English steel magnates matched their skill, not to mention their smoldering business antagonism, against two American steel magnates.

A game of piquet—and this is a story yet to be set down—where one man wagered his entire fortune and his opponent no more nor less than a package of love letters, yellow and brittle and dusty with age.

Perhaps a two-handed session of freeze-out poker in which Sir Isaac Oppenheimer, that recently ennobled British-South African financier, lost his claim on Mademoiselle Yvette Frescaly of the Folies-Bergere to an Italian Duke on the turn of an ace.

YOU could bet there on the weather; on the number of times the Prince of Wales would fall from his horse during the coming hunting season; and on your belief or doubt that a Catalan assassin would murder King Alfonso of Spain within the year.

Or you could catch yourself a certain eccentric Hungarian nobleman and lay him long odds that the first fly that buzzed through the window would light on his nose and not on yours—or vice versa.

Decidedly a strange place for the smartest wedding event on the social calendar; and the reason for it went back nearly a generation.

For in those days Prince Ludovic de Lissac had ruined himself for the sake of a not especially beautiful woman with unlikely hair, bright, doubting eyes, a prominent nose, and amazingly small feet. Forced into bankruptcy, he had sold his ancestral palace to the Cosmopolite, then occupying a villa in the Rue Scribe.

In the sales contract he had inserted a clause that as long as the building stood, and regardless of to whom it might be sold in the future, the men and women of his house should have the right to use it for their wedding celebrations.

"Comic old family legend!" he had explained. "It has something to do with a pet ghost that cannot leave the premises and has the silly idea that he likes to bless our bridal couples."

Prince de Lissac was no longer alive. But his granddaughter Bernardine, today the wife of Baron Pascal Marpurjo, had insisted on the clause.

"After all," she laughed—she was standing in a bay window of the Louis Quinze room, alone with her husband—"most of our guests are members of the club. They feel quite at home here."

"Except, of course, myself!" rejoined Pascal, with rather a wry smile.

He looked at her. He saw her very lovely, a picture to delight a Spanish painter, with her supple young figure in a low-cut creamy gown of slender Grecian lines, her silken, raven-black hair folding like wings over tiny ears, her olive complexion, her profile as clear as a cameo, her gray eyes calm and frank and fearless.

"Please, Pascal!" she whispered appealingly. "You must not say such things."

"True things, dear!"

"No, no. You are wrong."

"I am not. Why, look!"—pointing at the dance floor, where sinuous bodies were swaying to the nasal bray of the music. "I don't belong here."

"Do you mind their gayety?"

"Heavens, no! I'm not that sort of a Pharisee. But——"

"You mind the wastage they represent — throwing money out of the windows?"

"Money for luxuries—for useless, petty vices!" His voice rose; a slow flame eddied up in his eyes. "Money that means life itself to the poor! They—they have not the right to——"

"What about yourself?" she cut in. "You've changed in your own mode of living, Pascal."

"Changed?" he echoed, again with that wry smile twisting his lips. "Have I really?"

"You have. Why, I remember, just a few months ago, shortly after we became engaged, when we walked down the Rue Royale and saw the Tamerland Diamond and inquired the price—how shocked you were at the idea of spending millions on a trinket!"

"You liked it, didn't you?"

"I loved it! I was absolutely mad about it! And today—what a glorious surprise!—you gave it to me as a wedding present—the Tamerland Diamond! Oh—you *did* surprise me."

"Surprised other people, too!" a thick voice broke in; and they looked up to see a red-faced, red-bearded Norman country gentleman who had stopped near the bay window, accompanied by half a dozen people, hot and tired with dancing, the men inserting surreptitious fingers into moist collar bands, the women powdering noses streaked and blotched with perspiration.

Something like faint, dramatic tension was in the air. For the man who had spoken was the Viscount de Crevecoeur, who earlier in the year had asked for Bernardine's hand and had been refused, and who was notorious for his brutal, deliberate tactlessness.

"You certainly did yourself proud, Marpurjo!" he continued. "Wouldn't have believed it of you! Why, you used to squeeze a five-franc piece until it yelped for mercy!"

Pascal did not reply. His face was like a mask.

BUT Bernardine turned on the man, her eyes darkening angrily, her fingers crushing her bridal bouquet.

"You are cruel, M. de Crevecoeur!" she cried. "Cruel—and unjust!"

And, addressing the others, some of whom gasped, while some were trying to change well-bred laughs into well-bred coughs:

"I know what you think—all of you! You—you misjudge Pascal!" She hesitated; then went on bravely: "He is *not* stingy!"

"All my fault!" said the Norman, not meaning a word of it. "Tactless, as usual!"

He bowed ironically to Pascal Marpurjo.

"You are the soul of generosity! Always have been! Forgive me, please!"

An elderly man had stepped up. He was Baron Alexander Marpurjo, Pascal's father. He slapped his son heartily between the shoulder blades.

"Mustn't blame Crevecoeur for his little joke, my boy!" he said in coarse, rather broken French.

"I don't."

"That's the ticket! After all, you never spent a franc on your friends——"

"Nor on himself!" exclaimed Bernardine breathlessly, a hand on her husband's arm.

"Right!" agreed Alexander Marpurjo. "Nor on himself! With those crazy notions of yours, Pascal! Social-service humbug—helping the unwashed who're too cursed lazy or too cursed stupid to help themselves—preaching socialism—and all the rest of the idealistic, impractical poppycock! Well"—with a flash of even white teeth—"you've been developing of late. Getting more like your piratical old dad! Know a good thing when you see it—grab it and damn the expense! Like that Tamerland Diamond! How much did you pay for it?"

He knew how much his son had paid—had, in fact, given him the money. But he wanted to hear the sum—wanted the others to hear it.

"Twenty-five million francs, father," came the low-voiced reply.

"Proud of you, my boy!" The older man laughed. Gorged, he seemed, with a gross surfeit of prosperity. "Spend all you want to! There's lots more where it came from!"

FATHER and son! And no casual onlooker would have believed it.

For Alexander Marpurjo was a giant of a man, with a torso like a barrel, a short neck like a bull's and topped by an extraordinary face—thick-jowled, narrow-lipped, beady-eyed—a terribly clever, terribly ruthless face.

The son, on the other hand, was lean and angular, and his features were those of a Gothic saint: handsome, in a stern way, with a high-bridged nose and firm chin, but fanatical and overintense.

The inner man differed no less than the outer.

Many years earlier, Alexander Marpurjo had come out of Africa with his nondescript Levantine name, his nondescript title, which nobody ever found out how or where acquired, and his nondescript Spanish wife, now dead.

Doubtless an adventurer, Paris had thought. But his wealth had seemed absolutely limitless—large enough to beggar by comparison the fortunes of the Rothschilds and the Bischoffsheims; large enough, furthermore, to take the sting out of certain tales as to its origin.

Whispered tales they had been, appearing from nowhere.

Raw, incredible tales—of trading in "black ivory," in slaves, along the African West Coast; of a white chief of the Iron Tribe, the Baketes, when the latter had swept from the heart of Central Africa and raided the Congo; of the looting and burning of French, English, and German hinterland factories; of half the Black Continent paying tribute in rubber and ivory and gold dust. Other tales, cruel, grim, bizarre, dealing with the exploits of one who defied the laws of God and man.

But those had been the years of Europe's great wave of African colonial expansion, when people went at the dollar and went at it wild. It was before such phrases as "humanitarianism" and "justice to inferior races" had been coined—perhaps as an apology for weakening stamina. Too, there had been the man's enormous wealth. And so Paris had gradually ceased to gossip; and Baron Marpurjo had become a powerful figure in the city's financial and social life.

There was no remorse in his tough old soul.

But, if a certain priest had been permitted to break the seal of the confessional, he might have told how it was to atone for the father's sins that the son has made his home in the greasy, reeking stone jungle that clusters about the Rue Ferou, the underworld of Paris, the native heath of the original apaches, descendants of long generations that had

spawned and died and spawned again in those old alleys since the days of Francois Villon.

They were hopelessly poor. They were lower, in every human attribute, than the lowest slum denizens of Port Said or Liverpool. They were pungent and scabbed with viciousness and bestial lust.

Among them, for a number of years, Pascal Marpurjo had spent his time, his money, his futile pity and futile enthusiasm. Here, with an extraordinary spiritual passion, he had preached and obeyed his simple, absurd creed of "Give! Give! Give!"—living the plainest of lives, grudging himself the smallest luxury, giving to others with a lavish hand.

An idealist—almost a fanatic.

And now this idealist had spent millions on a trinket—millions that a few months earlier he would have used to help the poor.

Oh, yes; Pascal had changed!

"YOU are the soul of generosity! Forgive me, please!"

"Ah!" exclaimed a small, white-mustached Austrian Serene Highness, mellow with expensive champagne and smiling at Pascal. "It does change one—love—the great passion. Eh?"

"It does!" agreed his hatchet-faced wife. "Remember, Franz? As soon as you fell in love with my chambermaid, you cut down my modiste bills!"

LAUGHTER then. Quick, staccato repartee. People feverishly anxious to outdo one another in spice and glitter of daring similes, of subtle, cruel epigrams.

"It's glorious—that Tamerland Diamond, Bernardine!" said a debutante. "I'd put my soul in pawn to own it. Oh—" She interrupted herself as the music, silent for a while, began a swinging, daring tango.

She stopped a man who passed: "Our dance, Don Sigismondo!" and whirled away in the arms of the sleek-haired South American whose gold-rimmed monocle was in ludicrous contrast with his high Indian cheekbones.

Most of the others followed suit. Even Baron Alexander Marpurjo was stepping a pompous measure with a stout, simpering dowager unbecomingly attired in baby-blue charmeuse and primrose ribbons.

Only Pascal, Bernardine, and the Viscount de Crevecoeur were left, standing near the bay window.

"Care to tango with me?" asked the Norman.

"No!" came Bernardine's curt reply.

"Oh? Angry at me?"

No answer.

"I suppose I was tactless. But I begged Pascal's pardon, you know. Still—it is strange for a leopard to change his spots. Stranger still"—he laughed disagreeably—"for this same leopard to change only a single one of his spots!"

Bernardine did not wish to give him the satisfaction of asking what he meant by his last remark. She was silent. But she was furious. Her narrow fingers were still around her bridal bouquet, crushing it.

Again Crevecoeur laughed.

"It'll wilt soon enough without your crushing it," he said. "Danielo's flowers always do."

He turned to Pascal, who had flushed a dull red.

"I happened to be at Danielo's, in the back of the shop, using the telephone, when you ordered the bouquet."

He walked away.

Bernardine stared at her husband.

"Is it true?" she asked. "You really bought my bouquet at——"

"At Danielo's. Yes."

He looked down at his shoes; then up to her. There was in his fine, dark eyes a brooding something—brooding elation, brooding remorse, or a mingling of both?—that Bernardine was unable to read.

"Crevecoeur was right," he added with hard self-irony. "The leopard, the stingy, fanatical leopard, only changed a single one of his spots. Then"—he shrugged his shoulders—"he went to Danielo's!"

For, let us explain to the unfortunates who have never been poor and in love between the Bastille and the Arc de Triomphe that Danielo's is a florist's shop where one can get for twenty francs an armful of roses that would cost one 300 on the boulevards.

The reason is simple. The flowers at Danielo's are second-hand. The shrewd Italian proprietor purchases them at the back doors of restaurants and clubs and hotels. So they wilt quickly.

"I don't understand!" exclaimed Bernardine. "You pay a king's ransom for the Tamerland Diamond, and you buy second-hand flowers for my bridal bouquet—to save a few hundred francs!"

"I had my reasons," he said quietly.

"Of course you had your reasons. What *are* they?"

"I'll tell you—sometime."

"Tell me now, Pascal!"

"Please, dear——"

"YOU should! If Crevecoeur spreads the story, you'll be the laughingstock of Paris."

"I know!" His lips tightened. A certain sulkiness lurked in the shadow of his eyes. "I'm used to being laughed at—and I don't care."

"Nor would I care how much they laugh at you if I only knew—myself, in my own heart — your reasons — your motives."

"Logical motives, Bernardine! And"—the sulkiness in his eyes giving way to a queer look of exaltation—"perhaps decent motives!"

"I don't doubt it. But why shouldn't I know? I am your wife! You've no right to be secretive with me."

"Don't you trust me?"

"I do! But *you* don't seem to trust *me!*"

"Oh!"

"Tell me!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AFFAIR OF THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS
Continued from Page Eleven]

"No!" he repeated stubbornly.

"As you wish!"

Suddenly her hot patience changed into cold anger. She walked away without another word.

Bernardine was stopped by a short, overdressed woman, wheezing with asthmatic excitement:

"I just got here, darling! Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Aunt Celeste!"

"Where's that wonderful jewel your husband gave you?"

"Upstairs, with the other wedding gifts. I'll show it to you."

They found the presents displayed in the blue salon, empty of people except for the private detective on guard.

Bernardine picked up a velvet case and handed it to the older woman.

"Here's the Tamerland Diamond, Aunt Celeste!"

"Gorgeous!" exclaimed the latter.

"It's unique," said Bernardine. "A historic jewel that has passed through many hands. Queens have owned it—and great courtesans—and the fat wives of mere millionaires. Besides," with a smile, "it's the only famous art treasure, put up for sale in recent years, that has not been sold to an American."

"It was—very nearly!" the detective joined in.

"Oh?"

"Yes, madame. The messenger of the jewelry firm who brought it here told me a New York banker came all the way to Paris to buy it. When he found out that your husband had already acquired it, he was furiously disappointed—offered your husband lots more than the original price. But the Baron would not listen to him."

"Do you happen to know whether the American is still here?" asked Bernardine casually, the germ of a strange idea beginning to form in the back cells of her brain.

"He returned to New York, madame."

"Lucky for you that he did!" laughed Aunt Celeste, a few moments later, as she and Bernardine were leaving the salon.

"Why?"

"No harm meant, darling. But Pascal might have become conscience-stricken."

"Might have sold the jewel and given the proceeds to his beloved poor?"

"Exactly! Well—you seem to have reformed him!"

"I wonder if I have," said Bernardine, half to herself. "And—I wonder if I should!"

Going down the stairs, she passed Pascal, who was coming up with several people, eager to see the gifts. He had reached the upper landing, not far from the salon, and she the lower, as, happening to glance over her shoulder, she caught him in the same act.

She was about to smile at him—to make up a little for their tiff—when suddenly she saw an expression of anguish pass across his features.

Her first impulse was to run up to him, to ask his forgiveness.

But she controlled herself when she noticed that he was looking not at but beyond her. Quickly she followed the direction of his frightened eyes, and she saw something that was in the nature of an anticlimax.

For Pascal was staring at a man who had just entered the Cosmopolite and was shaking hands right and left—a short, stocky, middle-aged Frenchman with a round, rosy face, a snub nose, old-fashioned, steel-rimmed, pro-

QUICKLY Bernardine ran up the stairs. "What has happened?" she cried.

fessorial spectacles, a full beard, and a whimsical, Pickwickian smile.

She recognized him immediately—her uncle, Max de Lissac; heard, like an echo to her thought, one of the women who were accompanying her husband say to the latter: "Why—it's Count Max de Lissac!"

"Oh," asked another woman, "the famous collector?"

"Yes."

Again Bernardine looked at her husband. He had not yet seen her. He was still staring at the newcomer, the horror in his eyes deepening and widening. Then he pulled himself together and followed his friends into the blue salon.

BY this time Max de Lissac had come farther into the room. He saw his niece:

"Hullo, there, Bernardine!"

She ran to him; and, even as her uncle took her in his arms, the strange idea that had formed in the back cells of her brain a few minutes earlier was beginning to crystallize. An idealist, her husband, in a way a fanatic—but, being his father's son, ruthless in another way—convinced that the end justified the means—thus unscrupulous, though not for his own sake, but for the sake of the poor——

The thoughts flashed through her mind in the fraction of a second. She dismissed them with an effort.

"When did you get back, Uncle Max?" she asked.

"This afternoon. Got your letter telling me you had decided on an earlier wedding. I was far in the interior. So I hurried overland by train and camel—caught the first boat out of Calcutta—and here I am! Glad to see me?"

"I'm so happy, Uncle Max!"

He kissed her affectionately.

"What would you like for a wedding present, Bernardine?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Wait till I get my trunks. I'll let you choose your own—from the things I brought back. I found a couple of beauties in Delhi."

"You're a darling!"

"Runs in the family. And now—where is that lucky young pup of a husband of yours?"

"Upstairs, showing my wedding loot to a crowd of envious dowagers."

"What did Pascal give you?"

"Guess, Count!" came the deep voice of Baron Alexander Marpurjo, who had stepped up.

"A mile and a half of black pearls?"

"Something much smaller—and ten times as precious; he gave her the Tamerland Diamond!"

"You're joking!" Max de Lissac turned to his niece. "Did he really?"

"Yes, Uncle Max!"

"Heavens!" Count de Lissac's excitement was not altogether feigned. "The Tamerland Diamond? And you tell that, cold-bloodedly, to"—proudly—"the most famous collector of Oriental jewels, the greatest authority on the subject in the world—to a man who would commit arson, murder, mayhem, and barratry to get it between his fingers?"

"Have you ever seen it before?"

"Yes—when it belonged to the Rajah of Udeynore. Tried to buy it, but he wouldn't sell. Lead me to it, Bernardine!"

And then, as they turned to go upstairs, the detective's rough, rather threatening voice drifted down:

"You can't leave this room, ladies and gentlemen! Hey, there!"—as if in answer to a woman's scream—"that means you too! Step away from that door!"

Quickly Bernardine ran up the stairs, followed by her uncle.

"What has happened?" she cried, half knowing the answer.

It came in the detective's hard, professional accents:

"Somebody's stolen the Tamerland Diamond!"

Downstairs, the people heard. Those who had not heard were told by others.

Couples stopped in the middle of a dance-step.

The music broke off with a jarring discord as an A-string snapped.

The Marquise de Liancourt swooned in the

"SOMEBODY'S stolen the Tamerland Diamond!" came the detective's hard, professional voice.

arms of the Viscount de Crespigny, while the Viscountess de Crespigny promptly swooned in the arms of the Marquis de Liancourt.

The Duchess de Wittgenstein-Bourbon forgot her painfully acquired Faubourg St. Germain accent and broke into a heartfelt, native-born:

"*Oi yoi! Gewalt! Gott im Himmel!*"

For there was that terrible, collective feeling of guilt which, for some hidden, psychological reason, is shared even by the innocent when suspicion points a finger.

A moment later the detective and Pascal Marpurjo could be seen on the upper landing, evidently arguing.

The people were silent. They listened.

"But it's necessary!" said the detective. "The jewel is gone! Everybody must be searched!"

"Nobody is going to be searched!"

"It's my duty! I must make a report!"

"Very well! Say in your report that I stole it myself!"

"But, M. le Baron——"

"Be quiet!" commanded Pascal.

He stepped to the banister.

"MY friends," he addressed his wedding guests, "I beg you to forget this little contretemps. It is of no particular importance."

Silence. Then—"Bravo!" cried a single voice.

"Bravo!" echoed others. "Bravo! Bravissimo!"

More applause. Somebody was guilty. Doubtless. But no name would be exposed; no honor branded. Ah—was it not chic? Was it not typically Parisian?

"Bravo!"

A wave of relief, a wilder wave of gayety, surged through the Cosmopolite.

People laughed. They chattered. They jested. They clinked glasses.

The orchestra led away with a rollicking two-step, while a society reporter left hurriedly to get the news into the early edition—news destined to stir the boulevards and set the tongues of Paris a-wagging for many a day—until the next sensation boomed and killed the first.

Baron Alexander Marpurjo shook his son's hand gravely.

"My boy," he said, "you lied like a gentleman—and damn the expense!"

So the gayety continued; was still in full swing an hour later when Bernardine, in a traveling dress of dark-blue serge, sat by her husband's side, their great car humming its steely way toward the sunshine and the blue waters of the Riviera.

They were both silent.

Pascal, his face tense and strained, was staring straight ahead, through the glass partition, at the chauffeur's broad back, while Bernardine watched the passing landscape—the outskirts of Paris mellowing, in the sharp moonlight, into a respectable dotage of drab and gray and flat greens, with here and there a red brick roof or a church spire, like a nodding, bright flower on an ancient dame's sober Sunday bonnet.

She spoke very suddenly: "Pascal!"

He was startled.

"Yes?"

"Your father was wrong!"

"Wrong in——"

"When he said you lied like a gentleman! You didn't! You told the truth—like a gentleman! You took the jewel, didn't you?" And, when he was silent, she insisted: "Didn't you, dear?"

"I did!" he replied dully.

"Have you it still? Or did you throw it away?"

He took it from his pocket and gave it to her.

"What a marvelous forgery it is!" she went on. "I might have worn it all my life without suspecting. Nobody ever would have suspected! Except, of course, Uncle Max—the expert, the collector. He would have known at once, almost by instinct, that it is a copy. You realized that—the moment you saw him come into the room. That's why you took it. Isn't that true, Pascal?"

"Quite true!"

He spoke with an effort. But, gradually, his halting voice gained strength, assurance, a certain sweeping elation. "You liked the Tamerland Diamond when you saw it at the jeweler's. You wanted it. And I—I love you so—I forgot my mission in life—to help the poor, to waste no money on useless luxuries. Yes"—with rather a bitter smile—"the leopard changed one of his spots. But the spot came back, black and glossy, when the American offered me millions more for the stone than I had paid for it."

"You sold him the Tamerland Diamond?"

"Yes. To use the money for charity—a great charity—a splendid new hospital——"

"I can guess the rest," she interrupted. "You had the jeweler make an exact replica—swore him and the American to secrecy—greased the hands of the expert goldsmiths who did the actual work?"

Wordlessly he inclined his head.

"And the money you saved by buying my bridal bouquet at Danielo's—that too will go to the poor?"

"Yes!"

She gave a little laugh.

"You know," she said, "in your own way you are quite as shrewd as your father."

"I don't suppose you will ever forgive me?" he asked slowly.

"What is there to forgive, Pascal? I would not want you different. One marries even a saint—even a Don Quixote—for better or for worse!"

She kissed him.

They were silent again. Then he said:

"How did you guess? How did you find out?"

"Oh," she replied dreamily, "call it a woman's intuition—or call it a woman's love. It's one and the same thing, dear."

THE END

Yoking the Black

Science Finds a New Way to Prolong

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

DR. ANTON STEINACH and his disciples, having dipped the tips of experimental fingers in the Fountain of Youth, are striving to sprinkle drops of rejuvenation on the human race.

Two thousand scientists are seeking the secret of life, pressing hard on the trail blazed by Steinach. They see in his operation for males and treatments of females, through the endocrine system, a clue to the greatest of all nature secrets remaining hidden.

The Steinach followers, including Benjamin, Schmidt, Cardenal, Chetwood, Lichtenstern, Haire, Sakaki, Sand, Vecki, Walker, Cook, Wabarst, and hundreds of others, can revivify men and women; restore, in a degree, their health, beauty, and virility. While not claiming they can prolong life, they announce they can prolong efficient living by many years.

Their confidence is strengthened by patients, who, after the operation or the treatments, make claims for them that the experts would not.

Steinach and his disciples are fighting prejudice born by misrepresentation, false modesty, the "monkey gland" romance, sex delicacy, and the fakers. The ethical medical world has assumed an attitude of watchful waiting; afraid to criticize lest Steinach prove his case, and afraid to indorse the practice lest they be branded as unethical.

Whether the Hippocratic oath shall balk progress is the problem scientists and physicians are facing. Recently, the issue has been bitterly fought between Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston and Harvard, one of the leading medical authorities in the world, and Dr. Morris Fishbein of Chicago, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*

The clash was brought on by Dr. Cabot, who publicly declared in favor of group practice, group research, and co-operation. Smashing through the "ethics," Dr. Cabot voiced his approval of commercial medical corporations selling periodical physical examinations.

Dr. Fishbein, claiming to speak for 90,000 physicians, made the editorial ink fly in rebuke, rallying the forces of "ethics" against Dr. Cabot's suggestions.

Steinach and his followers are up against the same thing that confronted Guthrie when he announced chloroform; that Pasteur suffered before his germ theories were admitted; that Lister encountered when he sought to check the scourge of typhoid.

Lavaran felt the same opposition when he said he could prevent malaria; Reed, the American, was greeted with a raucous hoot when he announced that mosquitoes carry the germ of yellow fever.

Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, and Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the famous "bloodless surgeon," not being hampered by ethics, declare they have benefited by the Steinach treatment.

They have placed the Viennese scientist and his followers between the devil of ethics and the deep sea of publicity. Forbidden by ethical practice to explain the treatment, barred by the doubt of other physicians from co-operative trials, they have been forced to leave the field to fakers.

Taking advantage of the enforced silence of the ethical physicians, the fakers have exploited the discoveries of Steinach. Their activities have served to cast discredit upon the entire revivification treatment through the endocrine glands.

So bold have the charlatans become that one blatantly advertises that Dr. Steinach has abandoned his methods in favor of the one proposed by the faker. Another openly offers to supply chopped glands to medical men. In scores of drug stores they are advertising gland capsules, serums, and other nostrums. Others are pretending to revivify the human race by using everything from radium to psychic treatment.

I have striven frankly to break through the ethics of the medical profession and learn whether there is any hope of prolonging the efficiency of the human race.

If Steinach has found a way in which the health and usefulness of human beings—male and female—may be prolonged, even a few years, surely the race is entitled to know something about it. Regardless of Steinach, the public should be armed against crooks who are preying upon thousands.

THESE are the facts as ascertained by investigation and interviews with Steinach followers—and from those who have received the treatment:

Physicians who are well informed believe that the Steinach method for males by the vasi-ligature operation is of more or less proved worth. The conservatives profess to think that Steinach has not entirely proved his case, but admit merit in his discoveries.

That Dr. Steinach himself is not yet satisfied is shown by the fact he is still engaged in research, and only recently announced partial success in extracting a serum from the glands. He expects to perfect this serum and use it in revivifying glands.

The X-ray and electrical-ray treatment of the glands in the female to revive their activity is newer, and among ethical physicians is regarded with suspicion.

Steinach and his followers say this stimulatory treatment without cutting has succeeded especially well in cases of premature age through overwork or illness. That the method is capable of greater development they admit.

Physicians, whether for or against the treatment or ignorant of it, cannot ethically tell the general public anything about it. Even Dr. Cabot's proposals toward group investigation and group diagnosis are bitterly opposed.

Only the layman may write of these things plainly. The present investigation has covered months. I have watched the moving-picture film of Dr. Steinach—not permitted to be shown to the general public—in which the scientist records every detail of the operation and treatment, and shows results on animals and on both male and female humans.

I have talked with half a dozen experts, who have studied with and under Steinach—Schmidt of Berlin, Benjamin of New York, and others—and have read records of cases, and seen photographs of various stages of treatment, including those taken by Schmidt in his experiments with Chinese convicts.

I persuaded two of the doctors to arrange for interviews with patients, especially women, who have taken the treatment.

My own conclusions (being those of a layman) are unimportant. Let the facts, as found, speak.

IT is known that more than 10,000 women in Europe, many hundreds in England, and at least 1,200 in the United States, have taken the Steinach treatments. That many cases have been recorded.

Benjamin, New York's leading exponent of the Steinach methods, states, in a report to the Medical Association, that, in over 75 per cent of the cases treated, the results have been excellent.

During my investigation I talked with physicians who have not used (nor investigated) the Steinach method, and found a distinct hostility. Some who admit the value of pancreatin, insulin, and the thyroid extracts, and who treat patients through some of the endocrine glands, refuse to admit possibility of good results from treating the other ductless glands. There are nine of these so-called ductless glands in the human body. Some of them have dual functions, producing both internal and external secretions.

To strip the Steinach method of the careful verbiage of the scientists, it amounts to this: In the operation on the male the results are immediate. By the operation a slight incision in the groin, the severing of a duct, causes the gland to cease producing the external secretion and forces it to devote all its strength in producing the internal secretion, which in time revives and strengthens the other endocrine glands.

The treatment of the female is entirely different. It involves no cutting, no glandular transplanting, no mechanical changes in the endocrine glands. It is, as Thaler of Vienna remarked, like shaking up a watch that has

OXEN

Happy Lives

Pictures by CHARLES A. WINTER

stopped, and starting it again. The cutting or transplanting method of treatment is impractical for women, and is resorted to only in extreme cases.

The glands involved are in the abdominal cavity. To reach them means a major operation. It is considered inadvisable to resort to such an operation, particularly as the patients treated usually are in a weakened condition.

The treatment of the female is simple. The patient is placed on a table, covered with lead-filled mats, save in a place directly over the ovarian and suprarenal glands, and given a mild X-ray treatment for three minutes.

After that she is given electrical heat treatments of the glands, the positive and negative poles of the apparatus being placed over and under the body and the heat rays concentrated upon the glands.

From three to five X-ray treatments and fifteen diathermic treatments are given during a period of five to six weeks.

This results in stimulation of the glands affected by the rays; then, in turn, the other endocrine glands. It causes a quick change of blood pressure, regular pulse, and stronger circulation—a return to normal health conditions.

JUST what takes place in the gland, the experts do not know. They have theories, too complicated for explanation to the lay public. Some of them have almost ceased using the X-ray, excepting in advanced cases, and rely entirely upon electrical heat rays.

Whether these rays cause disarrangement or rearrangement of the atoms in the glands, or cause some chemical change, they do not know. They do claim that, in the majority of cases, where no serious organic disease exists, they can make the half dead enjoy existence again.

I talked with Schmidt of Berlin, who is one of Steinach's leading disciples in Europe. His work in China was especially valuable, since the government permitted him to experiment with convicts.

In his Asiatic experiments, the treatment of women was minor. He says European and American women decay quickly in the Far East, grow very fat, and are not good subjects.

I talked with Benjamin of New York, and others who are working on the Steinach method. Not content with that, I asked the experts to send me to women they have treated.

I found these women not so much interested in life extension as they were in the fact that their hair had become glossier, their complexions improved, the pouches gone from under their eyes, the cheeks rounded, and their legs more shapely.

To a lay investigator it appears that Dr. Steinach missed the big opportunity. If he had advertised the treatment as a beauty restorer, he would have converted most of the feminine sex by this time.

Gertrude Atherton, the writer, whose Black Oxen startled women, took the Steinach treatment after she had reached an age when, according to the experts, the best results cannot

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be assured. In her case she testifies to excellent results, physically and mentally.

Mrs. Atherton has lectured, written articles, and founded novels upon her experience. As a pioneer in the treatment she vouches for its good effects, and advises women to take it under experts. Although nearly sixty-nine years of age, her mental and bodily vigor is that of a woman of fifty.

THE best results, according to the Steinach followers, are with women who are approaching or going through the climacteric. Yet some excellent results, in reviving energy and glandular activity, have been achieved in cases of women past sixty.

One of the most interesting cases I investigated was that of a New York woman—Mrs. W——, who lives in West Seventy-fourth Street. She told me this story:

"I was run down, nervous, without ambition, fearing and dreading to meet people. The doctors could not find anything the matter. I was down to about 104 pounds, and losing weight. Then I read Black Oxen, and later happened upon a magazine article saying the author, Mrs. Atherton, had taken the treatment herself. I immediately started the treatments.

"In all I took five X-ray and fifteen electrical treatments. My pulse and blood pressure showed improvement. After the first month I improved rapidly. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight. My hair, which had become dead, regained its glossiness. My complexion grew clearer. My brain functioned more actively and my eyes brightened.

"I commenced to feel alive, to take interest in affairs, and to have ambition. I think there was some psychic as well as physical change resulting from the treatments. Or perhaps it was courage and ambition reborn with the return of health. I no longer feel inferior and I want to do something."

Mrs. W—— told me her age. I guessed, from her looks, that she was ten years younger. She is a woman of education and experience.

"I took the treatment a year and a half ago," she said, "and have never felt a recurrence of the old lifeless feeling. Recently I went back and took three of the heat treatments as insurance, although I did not seem to need them. The test in my case is that I urged my friends to do it. It cannot possibly do harm, even if it does no good."

There was the case of Miss T——, age at time of treatment, thirty-nine. She told me:

"I had been in poor health for ten years, and had broken an engagement to marry because of my condition.

"During a visit abroad I took the treatment in London for five weeks and discovered steady and regular improvement. I was much better when I started home, had gained in weight, my complexion was clear, my face had rounded out, my hair, which had lost luster, was sleek. My friends hardly knew me.

"The hardest part of it was to get up courage to confess to my friends that I had taken the Steinach treatment. Some were shocked; they had an idea it was in some way immoral or immodest to strive to regain health and vigor."

Incidentally, the woman was married to the man with whom she broke ten years before, just a year and a half after the treatment.

Mrs. X—— is a school-teacher in a city near New York. I knew her age. Three persons were asked to study her and write their guesses of her age on slips of paper. The estimates were thirty-eight, forty-one, and forty-four, the last being the guess of another woman. Her age was fifty-seven years and four months.

Two years ago she was in bad condition from exhaustion, worry, and overwork. This is her story:

"I have worked hard at nerve-straining vocations most of my life. Home worries and troubles made it a life of strain. I dreaded the idea of dependent old age, and fought against it.

"Three years ago I was in bad condition—nervous, always tired, without ambition or hope. I heard of the Steinach treatment accidentally and managed to take four X-rays and a number of electrical treatments.

"Within a few weeks my complexion, which had been dull and sallow, cleared; my cheeks filled out, my eyes grew brighter, and my brain ceased to be tired. I had a new ambition—I began planning to do things. I was not tired out.

"There was a big mental change. I was not afraid and did not worry so much. I did not stop work at all—in fact, I haven't had a vacation in twenty-five years. I found, after the treatments, that a little rest and change revived me quickly.

"It has been over two years since I took the treatments, and I have not needed others. I gain steadily, in spite of working just as hard, and do much better work.

"I have advised a number of women friends to take the treatment, and have found only one who will do it. I believe that when women are better educated a great proportion of them will take the treatment, and that the flapper age will be around fifty."

Another was Miss Y——, a professional dancer. At forty-eight she was too weak and exhausted for her work. Within a month after treatment her figure had regained its plumpness, she felt unusually well, had gained several pounds, and was ready for work. Her improvement continued.

Her stage appearance is that of a woman half her age.

The objection of "ethical" and ignorant physicians who criticize the Steinach method of treating female glands is largely based upon their claim that the effects are not lasting. They say that after a period of stimulated activity the degeneration of the functions is more rapid than in untreated cases.

Benjamin and Schmidt, whom I questioned, both declared that they have yet to see a case in which the results were negative, albeit each admitted that a longer period of experimentation will be necessary to establish fixed rules.

Not one of the women I interviewed admitted any but good effects. Some, after five or six years, declare they never have gone back to anything even approaching their former condition. Even if they gained only that time, they are satisfied.

THE "monkey gland" story created prejudice against the whole idea of rejuvenation. It was the creation of a reporter who confused laboratory experiments on animals with the treatment of humans, but it probably served to delay the development of the revivification treatment and operation for years.

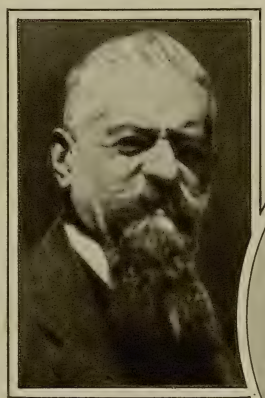
Whether the Steinach operation and treatment prolong life or not, the possibilities are fascinating. Suppose we could select the 100 most important men and the 100 most prominent women in America and know that, instead of their powers fading and senility setting in when they near sixty, they could be held at the peak level of efficiency for four, five, even ten years.

What gain, economically, it would be for the world!

And suppose, instead of gradual lessening of health and strength, we each could go along enjoying life and doing our work for five or ten more years!

What difference then whether we would live much longer or not?

THE END



Dr. Anton Steinach, eminent scientist and seeker after revived life.

Gertrude Atherton, author of Black Oxen.

Dr. Adolph Lorenz, famous "bloodless surgeon" of Vienna.

Dr. Harry Benjamin, noted New York exponent of Steinach methods.

THE mechanical horse track, a child's toy adapted to the gambler's desires.

Photo by Lazarnick

Present-Day Outlets *for* Gambling Instincts

They Can't Win, But Millions Worship the Goddess of Chance

By Merryle Stanley Rukeyser

THE passing of the real Klondike, where lucky strikes were common, has led to the wholesale creation in the United States of synthetic Klondikes. Men are virtually the same, but conditions have changed.

Gambling is an age-old means of escape from drab life. It is a device whereby those of low sensitivity and stunted imagination set up artificial hazards in order to get a kick out of life.

It also is an outlet for the office worker or bank clerk whose daily routine is the quintessence of monotony and whose spirit craves the elemental excitement that once was the heritage of the hunter and the warrior.

The amateur seeks excitement in gambling, the professional something for nothing. The chronic gambler has an exaggerated Micawber instinct or belief that something will turn up.

For centuries the professional reformers have been seeking to frustrate gambling impulses by outlawing them.

Never before in history has the "don't do this and don't do that" cult been more successful in writing its philosophy on the statute books than in the United States today. Federal and State laws seek to set up an administrative machinery to suppress organized gambling and betting. Anti-betting laws, it seems, do not abolish gambling, but merely encourage the art of bootlegging the emotions to which gambling gives expression.

The political economy of gambling is little known, for it is essentially a law-breaking or a law-evading industry, without chambers of commerce and lacking press agents.

The statistician of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington informs me that the government tabulates no figures on the aggregate income from gambling. Seemingly, gambling, like bootlegging, is, in practice, a tax-free industry. According to the best statistics available, 152,400 individuals in the United States are engaged in gambling as a gainful occupation.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PRESENT-DAY OUTLETS FOR GAMBLING INSTINCTS
Continued from Page Seventeen]

This figure does not include either kibbitzers or those for whom gambling is only an avocation and a means of getting rid of funds earned in other occupations.

The American people each year risks one billion dollars on its hunches as to which horse will trot the fastest, on its assumptions as to which candidates for public office will poll the most votes, and on its capacity to forecast the digits on such dignified appearing documents as the daily clearing house reports on the status of banking.

The enforcement of anti-betting laws adequately throughout the country would require almost as many policemen as citizens, and would need a large array of inspectors to watch the police.

In public gambling places, those who dishonestly fix the roulette wheel are less insidious perhaps than those who operate their games of chance on the level. The respectable gambling house whose roulette wheels are free from crooked mechanical devices is in reality the most harmful, for its apparent fairness leaves the gamblers unwarned of the essential danger, which is that the continuance in business of the gambling house proves that the law of averages is strongly in its favor.

IT is economically suicidal to do business with enterprises whose success depends on the failure of their customers.

Sometimes the small man with little to lose deliberately buys a lottery ticket, knowing full well that the public will take out far less than it puts into the gambler's pot. He willingly sacrifices his twenty-five dollars, which is of limited but certain buying power, for the faint and improbable chance that he may get a thousand dollars.

Federal and State laws prohibit lotteries, and simon-pure domestic lotteries have been fairly effectively stamped out. The lottery principle, however, crops up in various local schemes to raise money for philanthropic purposes and to whet the buying appetite of laggard consumers.

For example, in the suit-club lotteries an enterprising tailor forms a group of 100 men who agree to pay a dollar a week for not more than 100 weeks. Each week the number of one of the buyers is drawn from a hat and the lucky one receives a fifty-dollar suit without further payment. Thus, one man gets a suit for a dollar, another for two dollars, and so on up to $100.

Ill-fated participants who have paid in fifty dollars or more are inclined to stick to the unfortunate arrangement in the hope that another dollar may win the prize for them.

Circulars for foreign lotteries are perpetually slipping into the country despite the vigilance of the postal authorities. Danish lotteries, supported by the King, and Italian and German lotteries, have made persistent attempts in the recent past to break through the legal barriers.

Cuban lotteries, to avoid the barriers of the mail regulations, send personal agents into this country to sell tickets for the policy games. Until five years ago the Cuban Government derived a substantial part of its public revenue from a share in lotteries. In Colonial days, various American commonwealths depended on lotteries as a source of public revenue.

The principal activity of the Federal law-enforcement authorities is directed, at present, to the foreign lotteries.

In 1925 the Post Office issued fraud orders only against three domestic lotteries compared with forty-four foreign lotteries, whereas twenty years earlier it issued fraud orders against eighty-seven domestic lotteries and twenty-six foreign schemes.

In their wrath, emotional legislators have frequently failed to distinguish between legitimate financial operations and gambling schemes. Political scientists from the corn belt frequently rise in Congress to denounce Wall Street as the gambling center of America. They confuse gambling, speculation, and investment.

Speculation differs from investment only in degree. Both are related to the processes of business, and are essential to economic life.

The speculator knowingly accepts large risks in the hope of extraordinary gain, whereas the investor, who looks only for a fair rate of interest as rental on his funds, demands safety of principal—a minimization of the element of hazard or uncertainty.

BOTH the speculator and the investor deal with necessary business risks, such as the hazard as to whether the next wheat crop will be large or small, or whether the clamor for inclosed automobiles will wax or wane next season. Gambling, on the other hand, involves unnecessary risks, unrelated to the general scheme of business.

Although speculation and gambling are different in an economic sense, they are emotionally related. The big speculator who looks upon the market as a game gets primitive thrills, as well as contingent profits, out of accepting the hazards of modern business life.

Moreover, in periodical cycles of frenzied popular speculation, great masses of amateurs from all walks of life go into the fascinating whirlpool of Wall Street speculation, not in the calm manner of analysts, but in the emotional tenseness of gamesters ready to assume risks they do not understand.

The muddle-minded, who venture into financial byways that are strange and inscrutable to them, look in vain for safe speculations, only to learn that their quest is a search for dry water or round squares.

But speculation is not to be judged by those who misuse it. For example, a gambling pool was formed in Albany some months ago on the plan of inducing patrons to anticipate the number of one-eighth of a point changes that would take place in a number of selected stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. That was gambling, pure and simple, and had no relation to the bona fide purposes of the Exchange.

DEALINGS in puts and calls, which are carried on on the fringe of respectable Wall Street, entail more elements of gambling than speculation, unless carried on in connection with other operations. A call is a device for profiting from an anticipated rise in stocks, without the necessity of purchasing them. On the other hand, a put is a similar scheme for capitalizing expectations of a fall in security prices.

In the shadow of legitimate Wall Street, brokers who carry on the functions of betting commissioners operate in plain violation of the law. The Wall Street betting odds on elections show better than a guessing record, but on world series and prize fights blind guesses would have been more accurate. In ten elections prior to 1924, the odds correctly forecast the event eight times.

The odds were wrong in 1916, when former President Wilson defeated Charles Evans Hughes in an election that was so close that the result was in doubt for several days, and again in 1918, when Governor Smith beat former Governor Whitman in New York.

The final odds foretold the outcome truthfully only three times out of ten in the case of the World's Series for baseball championships. As for prize fights, odds on the ten most important events in the square ring since 1897 accurately forecast the result only four times. Moreover, another study showed that in nine instances in which the championship title changed hands—five in the heavy-weight and four in the light-weight class—the odds were wrong in every instance but one. The odds show a bad record of performance, except in cases where the result was obvious.

In connection with financial gambling, old-fashioned "clean sheet" bucket shops, which have been stamped out, used to operate frankly as betting institutions. The new style bucket shop is less sincere. Instead of being an open betting place, it pretends to be a legitimate brokerage office where securities are actually bought and sold. Its great vice is that it causes involuntary gambling by those who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

EXCITING roulette play in the New Grand Casino at Havana, Cuba.

A WOMAN openly buying a lottery ticket in Havana.

Photos copyright by Kadel & Herbert

Three Wrappings

guard
their crispness

① *Inner Bag*
② *Cardboard carton*
③ *Wax-paper seal*

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So fresh, so crisp, *they crackle on the spoon!*

Do you ever raid the kitchen late at night, after the movies or when you have finished the last chapter of your book? That's when it's good to find the red and yellow package of Post Toasties waiting on the pantry shelf. So fresh, so crisp they fairly crackle on the spoon; these Double-Thick Corn Flakes are a genuine delight. Double-Crisp and Double-Good because they're Double-Thick, Post Toasties have the natural flavor of the corn. Each golden flake is full of flavor that lasts, with the oven-crispness, to the bottom of the bowl! Be sure you get the genuine Post Toasties, the Double-Thick Corn Flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream. Write for a free test package and make the Milk or Cream Test for flavor and crispness.

* * *

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. LT5-1026, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Chocolate, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. Canadian Address: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

Make the Milk or Cream Test

Buy a package of Post Toasties, or send for a free test package. Pour some of the golden, crisp flakes into a bowl. Now add milk or cream and note how these corn flakes retain their flavor and crispness to the last spoonful. Double-Crisp and Double-Good because they're Double-Thick!

Post Toasties *Double-Thick* Corn Flakes *stay crisp in milk or cream*

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Camel won and holds its overwhelming preference through indomitable tobacco quality. Only the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are rolled into Camels. These fine tobaccos receive the skilful blending that only the world's largest tobacco organization could give. Nothing is too good or too expensive that will make Camels, regardless of price, the utmost in cigarettes.

If you have never yet tried Camels, a new sensation in smoking pleasure awaits you. The sensation of the choicest grown, the most perfectly blended tobaccos that money can buy.

Have a Camel!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

intend to place their funds in sound securities.

Frequently the materials of legitimate business enterprises are employed for gambling purposes. The so-called Harlem Policy Game, for example, is based on an attempt to guess the figures on the daily report of total clearings and balances of the New York Clearing House Association.

To prevent misuse of its figures, the Clearing House five years ago began to publish its totals in round numbers only; but the managers of the gambling enterprise shifted their technique and, instead of inducing the public to guess the final digits in the totals, made the winning number consist of the second and third digits in the total clearings and the second digit in the Clearing House balance figure.

IT is estimated that 25,000 to 30,000 persons in the colored belt in Harlem, New York City, participate in the Harlem Policy Game, and that tens of thousands of others turn funds into similar enterprises elsewhere.

The odds paid for winners in this game are 600 to 1, and money ranging from five cents to ten dollars is placed with agents of principals of the pool. The press has reported several murders because of the failure of the pool operators to pay the winners when too many guessed the right number.

About the middle of April miscellaneous policy games turn into baseball pools based on the scores of competing baseball nines during periods of one week or less.

In the larger American cities there are comparatively few of the old-time gambling houses in existence. The open gambling houses which contained roulette wheels and faro tables have been driven out of existence to a large extent, although not completely, by the police. In many cities, they now disguise themselves as social or political clubs.

Another substitute, under the name of suitcase clubs, has sprung up. The gamester, instead of setting himself up in a sumptuous permanent establishment, becomes an itinerant merchant, taking a suite of rooms in one hotel for a night, and in another the following night, notifying his customers by telephone where the games will take place. The Quail Club, in New York, moved once a week.

In New York, in the Roaring Forties, the district is infested with bookies of every description, who hang out about the halls and lobbies of buildings, ready to quote odds on horse races and take bets. At the race tracks, the anti-betting laws are openly, though subtly, evaded.

The invention, or revival, of games gives the gambler new opportunities. For example, in the current season there is a rebirth of interest on the part of fashionable society in New York in hockey contests, and betting proceeds with the game.

Of course, this is not a moral indignation article. Gambling still is with us as a reminder of human frailty and credulity, but my survey of gambling in the United States indicates that gambling is not spreading to any alarming extent. Perhaps alert police work is responsible for holding gambling impulses in check, rather than any change in human nature.

Horace J. Donnelly, Solicitor of the United States Post Office Department, in answering my question as to whether the habit of gambling was increasing or decreasing in the United States, says: "It would appear that the age-old desire to get something for nothing is not diminishing."

In the New York district alone, postal inspectors in the last two years have denied the use of the mails to more than 400 turf tipsters.

The inspectors find that many of the tipsters mention different horses as possible winners to different groups of customers, thus making sure that some of their customers will win each day.

As a practical matter, in judging the effect of gambling on the national life, the observer must distinguish between *desperate* gambling, where the stakes are high and the primary motive is to make a killing, and *playful* gambling, where the chief motive is the thrill of conquering hazards irrespective of the monetary gain involved.

Lazarnick photo

Bridge holds sway as one of the most popular parlor gambling games.

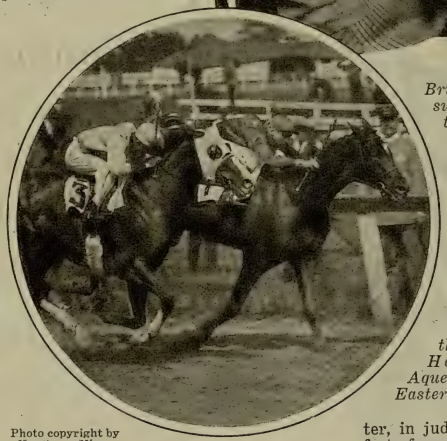


Photo copyright by Keystone Views

Exterminator winning the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct, famous Eastern race track.

Penny-ante poker games are typical of the latter type of gambling, and they are hardly likely to bring the masses to perdition or eternal damnation.

EACH generation produces a crop of reformers who predict that the end of the world is just around the corner because of the prevalence of vice. In the scheme of national efficiency, however, gambling, whether with dice, cards, lotteries, or pari-mutuels, constitutes a significant leak which wastes human power.

To the individual, especially to one whose fortune lies ahead of him rather than behind him, gambling is a dangerous narcotic. The surety and casualty companies, in writing fidelity bonds, which guarantee the honesty of workers, invariably ask whether the applicant bets on the ponies.

Granting the evils of gambling, I feel that the remedy is not to be found in forming anti leagues, which would deny expression to the play instincts of the race, but in the encouragement of more wholesome games, which give an outlet to human cravings.

Professional gambling is universally objectionable as well as being illegal in most American commonwealths. It occasionally results in hari-kari, and deprives numerous—yet a small minority of—families of their birthright. Some women compromise their views of personal honor to offset their card losses. Yet gambling is a chronic ailment which has run through the whole course of human history rather than an acute current malady. One of the great evils of gambling is that, like drinking, it entails hypocrisy in the form of winking at unenforceable laws.

Occasionally, I step out of character — taking off the somber beard of financial editor who habitually urges only the safest form of investments for the public—and indulge my capacity for the minor vices. Of all the games of chance, bridge is my favorite, especially when it is devoid of accompanying running comment by the allegedly weaker sex concerning new trends in apparel and scullery.

In friendly games, the stakes are commonly as low as one-twentieth of a cent a point, yet at millionaires' games the stakes are frequently as high as $100 a point.

According to the latest reports concerning the habits and foibles of American bourgeoisie, the newest vogue in bridge is *mayonnaise*, a device for assuring a large hand for at least one of the participants after all four of the players have held hands too weak to permit a bid.

A somewhat analogous scheme for giving a special thrill to players who have been frustrated or deadlocked in the fast waning national passion, Mah Jongg, is called the *Charleston*. After the players have gone to the end of their ropes and failed to attain their objectives, there is a new shuffle of the tiles, and each player makes certain exchanges with every other player which are designed to give each a particularly strong position.

SUCH novelties as Mah Jongg and cross-word puzzles regularly pop up as temporary crazes to divert the attention of Americans in their leisure moments, but the lure of poker as the great national game is perennial.

Several times a year I succumb to the temptation and, never staking more than I feel I can afford to throw out of the window without reluctance, I find myself enlisted in the large army of suckers who occasionally try to buck the laws of permutations by attempting to fill monkey flushes.

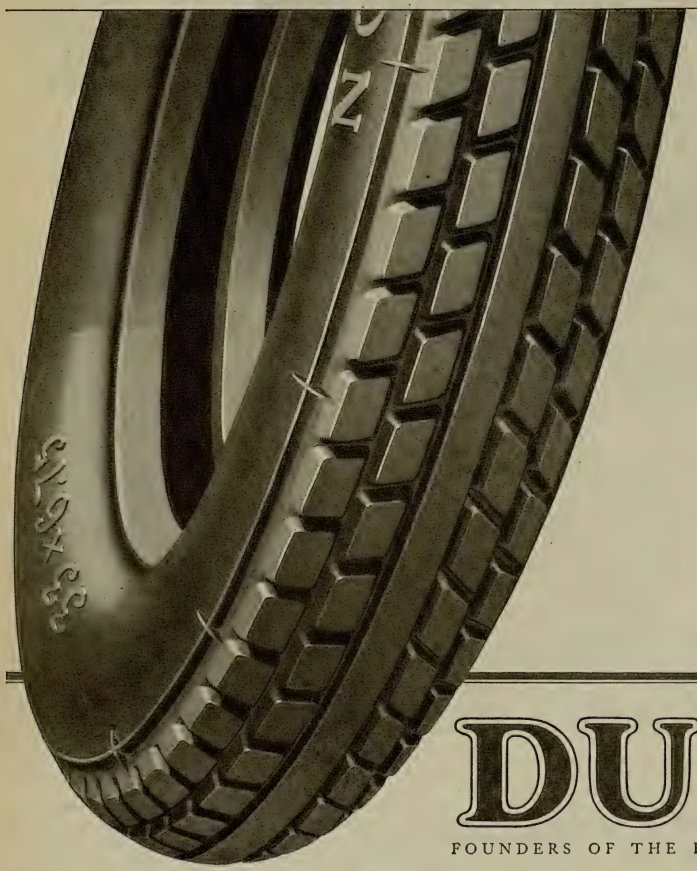
I avoided poker until I completed my college education, but some of my classmates started a series of games as freshmen and continued until sheepskins were handed to them after their senior years. Instead of settling gains and losses after each session, they kept a cumulative score, and one unlucky individual had a debit balance which ran into four figures when he appeared solemnly in cap and gown to accept his diploma and his degree.

Horse races never occupy my attention, for I concede the scientific discovery that one animal can run faster than another, and, although once assistant sporting editor on a leading daily, I never witnessed a prearranged boxing match.

I never bet on pugilistic encounters—or on any other events—and, odd as it may seem, I do not regard the champion heavyweight as more important than Andrew Mellon, or Eugene O'Neill, or even Irving Berlin. Perhaps I am a nut for taking this bizarre view.

THE END

The President of Dunlop
makes this personal pledge :



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The RIGHT Woman

A Broadway Beauty Doubles for Herself in the Love Part

A Short Story by
ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"MR. MENDAILE'S apartment?"

The hallboy's tone was suave, his face a blank mask; yet Viola flushed as she entered the elevator.

Oliver Mendaile's reputation was a Broadway legend, and so was the history of various great ladies who had begun by dining in his apartment and ended by seeing their names in electric lights on the front of his theaters.

That hadn't worried her. She had no intention of associating herself with the legend, nor did Mendaile show any sign of interest in her, apart from her acting. But it suddenly occurred to her now that a woman who dined alone with him was already in the legend.

She might have thought of that sooner if she hadn't been light-headed from living on one thin meal a day. She might still have hesitated if she hadn't realized that a healthy girl of twenty-five can't live forever on one thin meal a day.

The mirror told her that her make-up hid the traces of worry; that her green-gold cape and the black-gold gown beneath it had an air of opulence; but she stealthily lifted one foot and inspected her gold-sheathed leg to make sure that her slipper covered—barely covered—the darn in the heel of her stocking.

THEY faced each other over coffee and cordials after an hour of politely impersonal small talk—an hour in which the pin points of light in his eyes had laughed at her unceasingly.

"Do you think you could play *Iris Bellamy*, Miss Roydon?"

Viola gasped. Her wildest dreams had never envisaged that. But she answered lightly:

"Certainly I could. You're really going to revive it, then?"

"If I can put the leading part in competent hands. I suspect you could play *Iris*. You have the extreme refinement that hints at extreme abandon——"

"A misleading hint, I'm afraid," said Viola, amiable but on guard.

"All the better. Misleading hints constitute one of the secrets of success. It's a pity nobody knows you. You're attractive—but

"I DON'T want you, my dear; only—appearances."

success needs more than that."

"Yes?" she inquired politely.

"Success," said Mendaile, "means genius. Or favor. Or luck."

"Genius was enough for you," she reminded him. "You were a bootblack; then a ticket broker's clerk; then, on a shoestring—Mendaile."

"I see you know my legend. I suppose I had genius; but at the critical moment my uncle left me two thousand dollars. That was my shoestring. And that's not in the legend."

"I have no uncle," Viola regretted.

"You have talent," he conceded, "not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RIGHT WOMAN
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

genius—and your luck has been rotten. There remains—favor. My legend is worth money—to me, and still more to the lady. Half the great actresses of the last twenty years have adorned it."

"Unappreciative as I may seem of the honor—" Viola began; but he cut in:

"Afraid to be talked about, eh?"

She shrugged.

"If I were, would I have come here tonight?"

"True. Then—is there somebody——"

She shook her head.

"I haven't been in love for years," she said. "I've been working too hard."

"Hard and unprofitably. Yet you value your—personal reputation too highly to risk it for a professional reputation?"

"Hang my reputation! I value myself."

"Good!" he said softly. "You have fire. You shall play *Iris*."

It was more than she had dared to dream; more still than she dared to accept.

"I'll play *Iris* only—without conditions. No strings——"

"NEVER mind, my dear." He laughed silently. "You needn't be afraid of me. The truth is, I'm getting old. I begin to be more interested in my etchings, and my arteries, than in the most attractive of women. Yet Mendaile without a romantic attachment to one of his stars wouldn't be Mendaile. And you're the right type."

"But I'm not for sale."

"I don't want you, my dear; only—appearances."

She gasped.

"Appearances?"

"Romantic appearances. Tomorrow, for example, we'd be seen at Tonchard's, buying you a chinchilla coat. You'd be on call to dine with me here, now and then—just often enough to keep people talking. But that's all I ask, all I want—appearances."

She was obscurely certain that he was lying to her.

"It would relieve me from—the importunities of others who aspire to the position you so resolutely decline."

"You'd ask for more than appearances," she predicted.

He shook his head.

"You would," she insisted. "This other arrangement— It wouldn't work—it doesn't seem—natural."

He smiled ruefully.

"Perhaps not, to you; you're twenty-five. But I'm sixty-two. You see, my dear, I already trust you with my secrets. Well?"

She stared sullenly at the pin points sparkling through the blue smoke of his cigar. He was laughing at her. She was sure he was lying—somehow.

If only she could think straight! But how could she, after six years of hard work and disappointment, of weariness and strain, of mended stockings and outmoded clothes? Now her chance at last—her best chance; for she knew well enough that her talent wasn't genius.

"When do we start?" she asked briskly.

He laughed.

"We've started already, I imagine. Two or three of the Broadway weeklies make a point of knowing who dines with me. By the way, what's your weight?"

She was surprised.

"A hundred and nineteen, just now. That's a little below normal."

"Undernourishment," he commented. "With your height you could carry ten pounds more. Quit worrying and begin to eat. Eat starches, if necessary."

"Why?" she asked, staring in amazement.

"Rollie, we must build you up, give you a personality—a legend. People must know your name. Look at Mendaile. The legend made him, smart as he is."

"Uh!" Oliphant snorted. "That kind of legend, eh? I've been working too hard to think about girls."

"And you've worked here in town," Danny lamented. "If you were fresh from the sticks it would be easy to build you up. Something drastic has to be done. Go have an affair with an opera singer—a movie star—a Park Avenue hostess. Anybody that everybody knows."

"*YOUR wife, Mr. Ricana, would hardly have intruded this evening. I was dining with Mr. Mendaile.*"

"Never mind. It's part of the contract."

She wondered what other mysterious clauses might be in the contract. But, after all, she could always release herself if he broke his part of the contract—though too late to escape the legend.

II

WHEN young Roland Oliphant's first play settled down for a long run, Danny Marr took him in hand. Danny was a play broker, but after hours he was also a guide—the best of guides—in the tangled wilderness of Broadway, and had steered many a tenderfoot to good hunting from sheer love of the chase.

Oliphant twitched in an uneasy shrug.

"To tell the truth, Danny, I don't know much about women. Anyway, I've been busy with this new play. That'll be a knockout if we can get the right woman for the part. If we could interest Viola Roydon——"

"We'd have to interest Mendaile first. Oh, yes; he's got her sewed up—professionally and personally. Didn't you know that?"

"I'd heard talk," Oliphant admitted. "But, Danny, she looks so fresh and innocent. I can't believe——"

Danny Marr was laughing.

"That innocent freshness, my lad, is worth money; and you can bet she knows it. Mendaile doesn't star unknowns for nothing. I know his plans for next year and I doubt whether he can find room for your piece; but we can talk to him about it tonight. He'll probably be at this party."

Mendaile wasn't there—at the Climaxo Picture Corporation's ball at the Hotel Valois—but he was about the only absentee among people who counted. Marr and Oliphant

strolled toward the ballroom in the midst of fur coats and shining shirt fronts, marquise diamonds and cabochon emeralds, the mingled scents of French perfumes and Havana cigars.

"Isn't that Viola Roydon?" Marr asked suddenly. "Just going into the cloakroom—the dark girl in the chinchilla coat?"

Marr laughed.

"A shade too dark and a shade too heavy, or they'd be doubles."

"She's amazingly beautiful—" But Marr cut him off:

"Leave her alone, boy. That's Inez Ricana."

"What's the matter with her?"

"A heavy husband, mainly. He was dictator of one of these Central American republics—got out with the treasury about two jumps ahead of the revolutionists. There he is—the big dark fellow with the turned-up mustache. If you dance with her more than twice he'll hire a gunman to drop you. Fix your eye on somebody else, Rollie. I'll introduce you around."

Two hours later Oliphant had met and was dancing with Viola Roydon.

She was in the cream white that only one brunette in a hundred can wear—cream white with a rope of pearls. Mendaile's gift, of course. Incredible, when she wore that air of hushed remote inviolability that barely hinted at deeply hidden flame; incredible, but everybody knew it was true.

The music stopped; he tried to come back to reality.

"I'VE written a better play than Feathers and Furs," he said unsteadily. "You're the only woman in the world who could create the heroine."

"Oh, am I? Then you'd better let me read it."

"I—I didn't dare hope—Mr. Mendaile's plans for next season——"

"If Mr. Mendaile found a play that suited me perfectly, he'd change his plans."

Suddenly she had come back from her distant daze, with the deep-blue eyes burning like sapphires. She was brisk, businesslike, back in the three-dimensional world.

"Read it to me tomorrow afternoon—at tea, in my apartment at the Langworthy."

III

THREE days later Danny Marr cornered Oliphant in the Lambs grill.

"You're a sap," he remarked. "How can I sell your play to Mendaile when you're trying to make his girl?"

"I'm only trying to sell it to her," Oliphant mumbled.

"And to do that you have to have tea with her, alone in her apartment, three days running? Oh, yes, I know; and Mendaile knows. Imbecile! Don't you know he won't let anybody look at her? You might as well take a chance on Rodrigo Ricana."

"It's not an affair!" Oliphant was white.

"Of course it's not—because the girl has sense. But you've stirred up all the appearance of a heavy interest, and I don't suppose even you could tempt Mendaile's girl with the prospect of home and fireside—and kids." Oliphant turned crimson.

"I suppose not," he admitted. "But—to think that Mendaile——"

"Keep on thinking about Mendaile," Danny advised. "You can bet she thinks about him. If she doesn't now, she will soon."

Three days after that, Mendaile called on Viola as she was about to dress for dinner. She was in a deep rose negligee trimmed with ostrich feathers; and she flushed as he walked past the maid, hat in hand.

"Why the confusion?" he inquired. Beneath his jutting shaggy brows, the pin points of light were laughing at her.

"I'm not exactly—dressed for callers." She was icy.

"You could go to church in that costume, Viola. I've seen you in a good deal less, at parties. Yet you flare up— Gosh, I might have known this would happen when you had time for it. You're twenty-five and he can't be much older——"

"Nothing is happening," she told him, but rather shakily.

"AND nothing will," said Mendaile. "I ask for nothing but appearances, but that much I must have. You'll stop this nonsense now."

"Yes," she agreed; "I think we'd both better stop it—this nonsense of appearances. Surely I've served your purpose. I've earned you enough profit——"

Now he laughed aloud.

"So you'd break the contract, eh? Oh, no, Viola. I need you still—and you need me. The contract stands—and if you don't cut this out you'll never play another lead. You think your success as *Iris* has made you. But just a few whispers——"

"You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

"I certainly would—if you don't drop Oliphant."

"We've only talked about his play. Have you read it? Let's talk it over at supper——"

"I'm engaged for supper," said Mendaile. "But if you talk it over with him I'll know it. And then—just a few whispers——"

When she was sure he had gone, she took the telephone from the little table beside the living-room couch.

"Rollie!" she said presently. "I must see

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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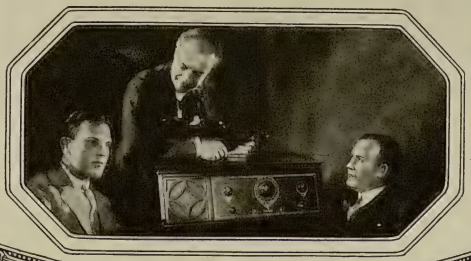

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DAY-FAN

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

you tonight. Yes, the play, and— and— No, not the theater. I'll meet you on the corner of Forty-sixth Street."

IV

THE night had turned warm; the south wind had the feel of spring. Yet Oliphant shivered on the brightly lit, jostling corner, as feverish—he reflected sourly—as if he had never been wised up by Danny Marr and told to give himself a legend. She was excited, too, as she came to him at last.

"Would you l-like some supper?" he stammered. "We could go——"

"Let's not go anywhere." Bitterly Oliphant remembered that she was never seen in public with anyone but Mendaile. "We can get ourselves some supper at the apartment. It's the maid's night off, but I can cook."

The rooms were very hot. Viola left him on the living-room couch while she went to change into something less stuffy. In her wardrobe, a blur of deep rose arrested her—the feathered negligee. Mendaile himself had said she could go to church in it.

Rose clad, she came back to Oliphant.

"Sandwiches, Rollie? Or some nice hot biscuit, like I used to make back home?"

Something tightened in his throat; she looked so—so— He must play up to the situation, must remember that he was a cavalier of Broadway about to build his legend.

"Back home? Where was that?"

"Cynthiana, Kentucky," she confessed, with a wistful smile.

The telephone on the little table began to ring. Her back-flung hand swept it clattering to the floor. With eyes closed, she yielded to his kiss.

"Cynthiana? Why, I played basketball there when I was in high school. I came from Georgetown myself. If I'd only met you then!"

"What's the difference? We've met now."

SHE was smiling. He stumbled forward. As his arms went around her, the telephone on the little table began to ring. Her back-flung hand swept it clattering to the floor. With eyes closed, she yielded to his kiss.

Presently she drew back, her hands on his shoulders.

"I can't believe it," she sighed. "It's—too perfect."

Perfect? Yes, he mused wearily; it would have been perfect—for a girl from Cynthiana and a boy from Georgetown. But this lady with a legend must think he was a dreadfully callow ass.

She laughed.

"Look—I broke the telephone. Hope the message wasn't urgent."

"Never mind," he told her, with an attempt at airiness. "I don't want to interfere with your—urgencies."

She stared at him.

"What on earth— Oh! I'd forgotten. You've heard—talk?"

"What of it?" This, he felt, was the genuine Broadway manner. "We're all talked about, and if we're not we try to be. It doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter?" Amazingly, she looked as if it mattered immensely. "Rollie! You know I love you—I never really loved anybody else——"

"I quite understand, my dear. I don't—blame you in the least."

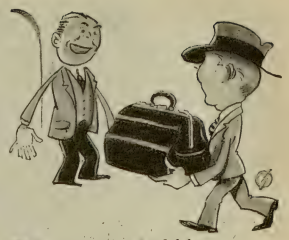
"But I don't think you understand. I want to tell you about my—arrangement with Mendaile."

"Spare me the details," he rasped. "It's none of my business."

"Oh! Isn't it? Rollie, what do you mean to do with me?"

"Well"—he tried to manage a sophisticated nonchalance that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]



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"Old Bill used to shave me. After he died, young Bill did...until the war.

"Young Bill went across and came back with four medals but no right arm. Now he works in a pharmacy and I have taken to shaving myself.

"Some time ago Bill said to me: 'Here's something I use after shaving. Feels cool—heals little nicks—soothes and sort of tingles—mild and pleasant smell—not a bit greasy.'

"I bought a tube and now I'm passing Bill's words along and adding my O.K.

"*P. S.* The name on the tube was Mennen Skin Balm."

I like that letter. I hereby thank Mr. Wrigley for writing it and Bill gets special thanks for recommending Mennen Skin Balm so highly.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Danny Marr could admire—"I hardly suppose I could tempt you with the home and fireside."

"Oh!" She drew away from him. "Because I'm Mendaile's girl? That's funny. Rollie—really and truly, it's as if we'd met when I lived in Cynthiana and you lived in Georgetown."

"Oh, it is? Then what about Mendaile?"

"Our arrangement is for—show purposes only. To keep up his legend."

Oliphant stared at her, haggard.

"Viola! What have I done?"

"Oh!" she said, in a tone he had never heard except across the footlights. "So that was my charm—forbidden fruit—a producing manager's mistress? Otherwise you'd have—respected my innocence. No home and fireside for you! You wanted Mendaile's girl, but you didn't want—your girl. What have *I* done?"

Another bell began to ring—the house telephone. Viola's shoulders trembled as she answered it.

Mendaile's voice came over the wire, angry, excited, afraid:

"Viola! What the blazes? I've been trying to get you——"

"Well" — her voice was icy—"here I am."

"I WANT you—right away. Yes, I know it's late, but I want you to come over to my apartment. I'm only asking you to put in an appearance, but you've got to do that quick. I need you. And wear that chinchilla coat—I don't care if the night is warm."

"All right. I'll be there in five minutes."

Oliphant stood glowering at her as she hung up.

"Where will you be in five minutes?"

She faced him, defiant.

"Mendaile's apartment."

"You won't. You stay here. I want to tell you——"

"You've told me enough. No, Rollie—out of the way. I must live up to my legend."

As she rang Mendaile's bell she noticed vaguely a woman's figure slipping out to the fire stairs at the end of the corridor. Under the feeble red light the fugitive's dark hair showed above the upturned collar of a chinchilla coat.

Mendaile opened the door. His face was gray.

"Here I am," she said dully. "What do you want?"

He drew her in.

"Only appearances, my dear, but a lot of them. Act at home—I'm expecting a caller."

Again the elevator was droning upward. A moment, and the doorbell jangled harshly. As Mendaile opened, a burly figure in evening clothes filled the doorway—a big man with upturned mustache, a gun in his hand.

"My wife!" said Rodrigo Ricana. "You have fool me long; but now——"

He stopped. His eyes had fallen on Viola, her dark hair massed above the chinchilla collar. He halted, stupefied. The elevator droned again, but Viola paid no attention to it; she lived up to the legend:

"Your wife, Mr. Ricana, would hardly have intruded this evening. I was dining with Mr. Mendaile."

Roland Oliphant heard her as he stepped out of the elevator. His lips framed the words, "It's a lie!" But her eyes caught his. He understood, and smiled—for the first time in a week. He thrust Ricana aside, thrust Mendaile aside, and put his arm around Viola.

"The contract has expired," he said softly. "You're going home."

"But my wife," Ricana began.

"Who cares about your wife?" Oliphant growled.

Dazed, Ricana pocketed his gun, shrugged, and walked out.

"What's all this?" Mendaile was asking.

"Viola's told me about her—understanding with you," said Oliphant grimly; "but it's off. Off—you hear? Get somebody else to cover up your affair with Madame Ricana. Viola is through."

"Don't be hasty, boy."

Mendaile took heart. This man had no gun. "She isn't through. I need her—and she can't afford to drop me. Come, now—you're a man of the world——"

"THE deuce I am! I'm a man from Georgetown, Kentucky, and I'd like to throw you out of that window. But I know a better trick. If you try to get back at her with any of your famous whispers, I'll tell Ricana the truth. He'd kill you. Watch your step, Mendaile, or he'll hear some whispers. Come, Viola."

Silently they went out. In the street door he paused and faced her.

"You may think you're not going to marry me," he observed, "but you'll have to do a lot of arguing——"

She laughed joyously.

"I won't argue with you, Rollie—not on the honeymoon, at least."

"Then we'll drive up to Port Chester and rout out somebody who can give us a license——"

"Wait, Rollie!" She clutched his arm. "Everybody will always believe the talk about me and Mendaile. I've built myself a legend. So if you——"

"We're going to build our own legend, my dear. It starts when you play the lead in my new piece next fall. Oh, yes; Danny Marr sold it to the Shuberts today."

THE END

Read:

The Bad Little Egg

By Sophie Kerr

FIFI PRINTON wanted more jazz out of life than is in it. She flung her dad's money away with both hands, toted a flask, and would roll the bones with anyone in sight.

When fate bumped her into plain John Casey, she tried to infect him with her own vertigo, took him on a whirl with death, and plunged—into chill reality.

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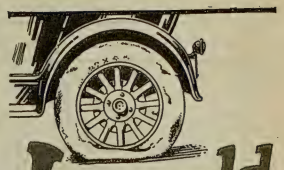
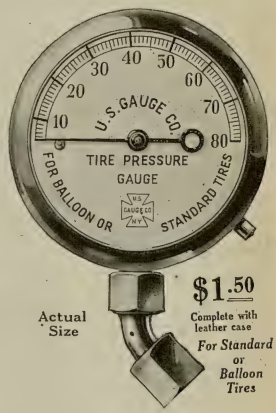


It should have gone another 1,000 miles



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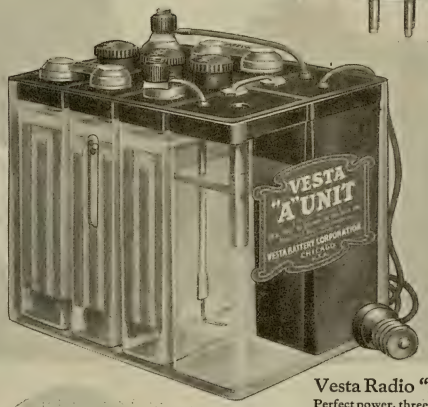

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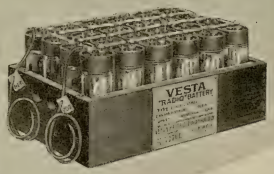

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War Birds

The Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France

Picture by Gerald Leake

MAC made a date to call on a pretty little nurse. That boy is a fast worker.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Human beings never underwent more terrific strain than that endured by the air fighters of the Allied and German armies during the great campaign of 1918. Flower of the youth of the warring nations, the aviators lent to the conflict its only touch of medieval romance and glamour. The author of this diary went through months of ceaseless deadly encounters in the air, and tells the story of them in this unparalleled document. He was killed in action—shot down by a German flyer in a flaming sky on the French front—but left behind him this record of his own heroism and that of his comrades. LIBERTY has received hundreds of letters from readers throughout the country expressing the composite opinion that War Birds interprets the life and soul of the fighting man far more effectively than any literature that has come out of the war.

[The author's squadron is stationed at its new headquarters, three miles from St. Omer, on the French front. Colonel Bishop, the commanding officer, is recalled to England to help form the Canadian Flying Corps. Not a day goes by without a succession of desperate battles in the air. One notes the somber strain creeping into the diary that seems to foretell the fate of its author.]

PART TWELVE

June, 1918.

WE'VE got quite good at stunting in close formation. We fly very close together and can loop and roll in formation. Nigger signals and loops straight over, Mac and Cal loop with right rudder on, and Springs and I loop with left rudder. That spreads us out and then we come back in close as we come out of the dive. Nigger puts his motor at half-throttle, so we can pick up our places. When we roll, Nigger and Cal and Mac roll to the right and Springs and I roll to the left.

A photographer with a movie camera came over last week and got some movies of us doing it. We fly up close enough to get our wings between the front man's wings and tail.

June 23.

WE were out on patrol this morning and just across the lines we saw a two-seater. Nigger was leading and signaled to us to follow and dove after him. It was a pretty silver L. V. G. and he turned and Nigger missed his first dive. The Hun circled, and I overshot and half rolled to make sure of him. Springs, missed too, and Cal, who had turned higher up, came right down on his tail as Mac went under. Cal got him, and the Hun turned over on his back and went down and crashed into the ruins of Sailly. Archie was right put out about it, but was nowhere near us. The gunners are rotten down here.

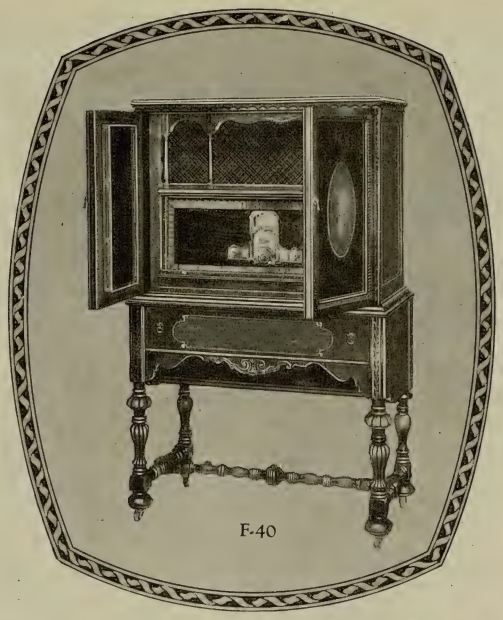
We climbed up high and about half an hour later saw about thirty machines in the sky, at different levels. Six machines of ours were in the middle layer, and we saw them dive on the lower ones. Then I saw one of the Huns from above dive vertically for 3,000 feet, flatten out, and open fire right on the tail of one of our machines. Most wonderful sight I ever saw. I wouldn't have believed it possible. That lad was good. But one of our machines jumped his tail, and while he was firing too long at the front machine, our plane got him, and he went down in a loose spin.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

D-40

D-40—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Built-in speaker. Deep, rich tone quality. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet. Ample battery space. Without accessories, $200.00

F-40—Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Extra large built-in speaker. Walnut cabinet, antiqued, with vermillion inlay. Ample battery space. Without accessories, $400.00



F-40

$75 to $1000

The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four de luxe custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

E-10—Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful brown mahogany cabinet—rosewood inlay. Well finished. Satin texture. Without accessories $150.00

E-5—Console, as illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match E-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders . . . $40.00

E-10

Beauty and wide price range in new Ortho-sonic *models*

FIRST the Ortho-sonic circuit—built like a precision instrument by telephone, wireless, and navy radio engineers of twenty-five years' standing.

A circuit that amazed all with its selectivity, its power, range, and ease of operation—and whose tones, brought in ortho-sonically, were unlike anything hitherto produced in radio—more beautiful and life-like—rivaled only by reality.

And now this circuit, magnificently shielded, rugged, efficient and dependable as ever, has been built into models wide in variety, matchless in their beauty of appearance and covering every pocketbook range. The exclusive advantages of Ortho-sonic radio are at last in reach of every home.

As the Ortho-sonic circuit has set new standards in radio tone perfection and operative simplicity, so have the late Federal models created new ideals in beauty and artistry. Where did you ever before see such individuality of design, such grace of contour, such character, as illustrated in the Federal Ortho-sonic sets shown above?

Federal's 14 Points

1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assure perfect matching of parts.
2—Built around Federal's own patented circuits.
3—Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.
4—Rugged all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.
5—Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.
6—Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.
7—Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.
8—Razor-edge selectivity; allowing reception of distant stations through locals.
9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as a pilot light.
10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.
11—Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.
12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.
13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.
14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

Federal Retailer Designator

Here you have the finest furniture construction obtainable. Here you have rich inlays, hand carving and duo-tone wood effects. Here you have panels not in the least resembling complicated instrument boards—panels marvelous in their simplicity, with single dials and centralized controls which make it possible to bring in any station by a mere twist of the wrist, and add to appearance as well. Here you have harmony with other fine furniture—radio that will be a joy and pride permanently.

Federals are easily the most outstanding values on the market. Study Federal's 14 points here listed. Then go and see the Federal line, at the store of your nearest Federal retailer as designated by the Federal sign shown at left. Let him give you a demonstration. Better still, phone him for a free and non-obligatory demonstration in your own home. Listen in—with closed eyes.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

Federal

ORTHO-SONIC★

Radio

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

About that time we reached the fight on a long dive and went in. There were plenty of Huns to go around. Huns were diving and firing all about us. Worst dog fight I can imagine. Everybody was firing short bursts at everybody else. We had the advantage, coming in on top, and were having a fine time. Suddenly everybody pulled out and Archie opened up. A new bunch of ten Huns came up, and we went back in again, but there was too much confusion. Nigger and Springs went down on a black Pfaltz and got him. He went into a spin and crashed into a wood. The other S. E's were from 74, and they got two Huns and lost one man.

The General came over and had tea with us and asked us who we wanted for C. O. He wanted to send us McCudden, but we don't want him. He gets Huns himself, but doesn't give anybody else a chance at them. The rest of the squadron objected because he was once a Tommy and his father was a sergeant major in the old army. I couldn't see that that was anything against him, but these English have great ideas of caste.

Some of the author's buddies, photographed with the 85th Squadron at St. Omer, France. Left to right: Inglis, Dymond (back), Nigger, Brown (back), Baker, Longton, Webster, Randall.

We asked for Micky Mannock, a flight commander in 74. He's got about sixty Huns and was at London Colney when we were, in January. He wanted to take the three of us out with him in February, but we weren't through at Turnberry. They say that he's the best patrol leader at the front —plans his squadron shows a day in advance and rehearses them on the ground. He plans every maneuver like a chess player, and has every man at a certain place at a certain time to do a certain thing, and raises merry hell if anyone falls down on his job.

SEVENTY-FOUR is a stout outfit. We knew them at London Colney, where they mobilized. The other day, Grid Caldwell, the C. O., and Captain Cairns collided in a fight. Cairns got down under control, but the whole squadron saw Grid go spinning down. That night they had a wake and all got drunk and turned it into a celebration. About midnight Grid walked in. They thought they were seeing a ghost, as he was all bloody and his clothes were torn to pieces. He had set his tail stabilizer, got out of his seat and crawled out on the wing, and got the plane out of the spin. His aileron control was jammed and part of his wing tip was gone; but he balanced it down and landed it this side of the trenches by reaching in and pulling the stick back before he hit. The plane turned over and threw him into a clump of bushes. It had taken him ever since to get back, as he crashed about thirty miles away. So he resumed command and took charge of the drinking. When the squadron went out for the dawn patrol, he led it. Then he went to the hospital.

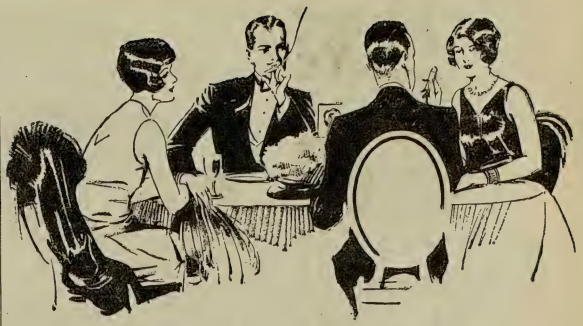
Mannock trained Taffy Jones, who was a pupil with us at London Colney. Taffy has eight Huns now, and Mick says he's the best shot in the squadron. Mick has marvelous eyesight, though he has only one eye. He's to get two weeks' leave and then come to us. In the meantime, Baker is in command.

June 24.

WE found nine Hun scouts yesterday and dove on them, but they wouldn't fight; they ran for home. We chased them, but couldn't catch them. Something funny about that. It must be a new type of plane and they were just practicing. They were fast; whatever they were. My motor got to acting funny and the water began to boil. It cut out a few times and I just did get back and landed between Kemmel and Popperinghe, in a big field that was mostly shell holes. There were some American troops of the 30th Division up there and they helped me to get some water and get going when it cooled off. It got me home, but didn't run any too well. They have retimed it, but unless it turns up better I am going to ask for a new one. These Hispano Vipers are fine when they are all right, but the slightest trouble balls them all up. Springs was messing around over by Messines and flushed a two-seater out of the clouds and got him. Tiny Dixon was firing at him too, so they halved him. Randall knocked down a high two-seater. Hall is missing.

We have a new pilot to take Thompson's place—Captain Webster—a quiet, reserved fellow. He's not a captain in the flying corps but in his infantry regiment.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]



An Evidence of Refinement

Good taste and good health demand a sweet breath and sound teeth.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's removes odors of dining or smoking by clearing particles of food from between the teeth, by stimulating the flow of digestive juices, and by the antiseptic action of the flavoring extracts for which Wrigley's is famous—"The Flavor Lasts!"

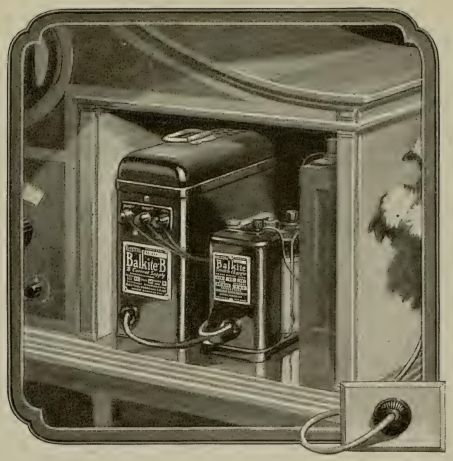
The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

Take home a package now and then, to please the kiddies *and* to benefit them.

Made clean and wholesome—only the best of ingredients are used

Comes to you fresh and full-flavored in its sanitary sealed wax package

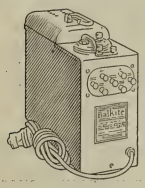
G98



The new Balkite "B" at $27.50 and the Balkite Trickle Charger *furnish all radio power from the light socket*

The New Balkite Charger

MODEL J. Has two charging rates. A low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging and heavy duty use. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger and combines their advantages. Noiseless. Large water capacity. Visible electrolyte level. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 amperes. Special model for 25-40 cycles. Price $19.50. West of Rockies $20. (In Canada $27.50.)



Balkite Combination

When connected to your "A" battery supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set. Entirely automatic in operation. Can be put either near the set or in a remote location. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also made in a special model for 25-40 cycles.

The light socket is your most convenient source of radio power. Use it by adding the new Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger to your radio set.

Balkite "B"—the unique tubeless, noiseless "B" power supply—eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The new Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 serves any set of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X at $42 serves sets of up to 135 volts and 8 tubes. Balkite "B"-Y at $69 serves any standard set.

The Balkite Trickle Charger at $10 is probably the most popular of all chargers. Over 200,000 were purchased during one season and are now in service. Instead of operating intermittently at a high rate, it operates continuously at a low rate, thus automatically keeping the battery at full charge. In effect it converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. With 4-volt batteries it can be used as an intermittent charger, or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are noiseless in operation. Both are permanent pieces of equipment, with nothing to renew or replace. Other than a slight consumption of household current, their first cost is the last. Like all other Balkite Units they are built to conform with standards set by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Over 650,000 radio sets are already Balkite equipped. You too can make your radio set into a light socket receiver by adding these two Balkite Units now. Then you will know the pleasure of owning a radio set always ready to operate at full power. Ask your radio dealer.

(Balkite Trickle Charger $10.50 West of Rockies. In Canada: Trickle Charger $15; "B"-W $39; "B-X $59.50; "B-Y $96.)

Fansteel Products Co., Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.

The Balkite *Radio Symphony Concerts with* WALTER DAMROSCH *and the New York Symphony*

These concerts will be broadcast every other Saturday Evening, beginning October 23d. On intervening Saturdays Mr. Damrosch will give a piano lecture recital on the Wagner Music Dramas. At 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over a group of 12 stations: WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF.

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

When anyone transfers from their regiment to the flying corps, they come in as second lieutenants but keep their honorary rank in their regiment, and draw the pay of that rank. Then, after they transfer, if they prove that they're good and get a flight, they become temporary captains, rank as captains in the flying corps, and draw a captain's pay. But they keep their old regimental rank. We have seven captains now, but only three of them rank as such, and those are all lieutenants in their regiments. There's one man who is known in the gazette as "Lieutenant, temporary brigadier general." He must be good! That's the right system. In our army, if a major transfers to the aviation corps, he comes in as a major and bosses men that have been flying for years and that know more about it than he ever will. I don't know who's going to do our fighting, but I know who's going to get all the rank and all the medals.

June 25.

SPRINGS and I flew up to Dunkirk to get some champagne yesterday. We landed at Petit Snythe and found an American squadron was being organized there—the 17th. Sam Eckert is C. O.; Tipton, Hamilton, and Newhall are the flight commanders. They've got LeRhone Camels and may the Lord make His face to smile upon them, because they are going to need more than mortal guidance.

There was a brand-new American major up there named Fowler, in a new Cadillac. We turned our nose up at him, but he insisted on being nice. His brother, who was killed at Issoudun, went to Princeton with Springs, so they got to chewing the rag. He was so new that the tags were still in his gold leaves and he didn't know how to salute—saluted like an Englishman. When he heard why we'd come up, he insisted on driving us into Dunkirk in his Cadillac. We got the champagne and he insisted on taking us into the Chapeau Rouge for a drink. We shot down a couple of bottles of champagne and he was all right, we thought, even for a new Kiwi. He kept on asking such simple questions. He wanted to know all about how our patrols were led, and if we led any ourselves, and how we got along with the British. He acted awfully simple, just like an ordinary U. S. major, and we did the best we could to enlighten him

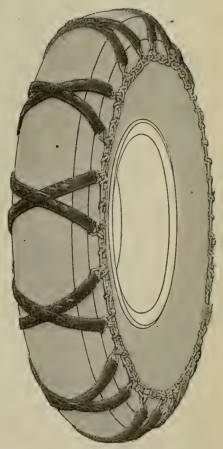
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Picture by Clayton Knight

Grid Caldwell had crawled out of his seat on to the wing, balanced it down, and landed by reaching in and pulling the stick back before he hit.

A *quiet, long-wearing* tire chain

made of rubber and specially suited to balloon tires



GOODYEAR has made you a new and silent rubber tire chain. Goodyear has tested it. Goodyear has seen it outwear the best of tire chains. Here are the vital facts about this rubber chain:

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

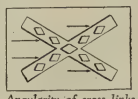
Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will, in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links guard against cutting or bruising of the tire tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

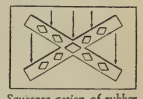
Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear chains employ the non-skid principle of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to *resist skidding in any direction.*

Convince yourself of these facts by having your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.



Angularity of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise.



Squeegee action of rubber cross links holds the car firmly on wet pavement.

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

504 *licensed firms and individuals are now actively engaged in* 86 *lines of business in Coral Gables*

The business section of Coral Gables at the intersection of Coral Way and Ponce de Leon Boulevard. These main business streets are 100 feet wide, allowing plenty of parking space and avoiding all traffic congestion.

This is the Coral Gables Theatre, controlled by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, seating 1500 people. Another theatre seats 1100, and the Coral Gables Stadium, a temporary structure soon to be rebuilt in concrete, seats 7200 people.

At your left is one of the retail stores where residents of Coral Gables do the bulk of their buying. Next door is one of the two banks established here—the new Coral Gables First National Bank.

CORAL GABLES is anchored safely in the harbor of sound and normal business. Its building and development have never halted. Its careful plans for even greater improvements are moving steadily toward completion. And best of all, the business activity that is certain indication of progress in any city is lively, profitable and steadily increasing.

Today, residents of Coral Gables can build, furnish and decorate their homes without buying a single article outside their city. Their clothes, their food, their motor-cars, and literally every need of living is supplied by their own merchants. In addition to these residents and the yearly flood of winter visitors, the payrolls of more than 190 contractors, as well as the payrolls of lumber companies, supply companies and small manufacturers, help to swell the volume of retail trade.

Building permits in Coral Gables during the first 8 months of 1926 totaled $11,174,317, an increase of nearly 20% over the same period in 1925. *Of this total,* 15½% *or* $1,743,000 *was for business or industrial structures.* . . . For business men everywhere are watching the rise of Coral Gables closely. Its business opportunities are open to *you.* Act now while favorable locations may be secure(and trade easily developed. Write to Dept. L-1 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida.

Pay-day at the Coral Gables Construction Company. The payrolls of the 190 builders and contractors in the first 8 months of 1926 released about $8,000,000 for the benefit of the merchants of Coral Gables.

The Bank of Coral Gables, which has over 3000 accounts. Capitalization $100,000, surplus $20,000, deposits September 15, 1926—$1,250,000. The Coral Gables Post Office, in the same building, delivers mail twice daily throughout Coral Gables.

A Unit of Greater

City of Coral Gables

Miami, Florida

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

as to the proper method of picking cold meat and bringing most of his men back. His ideas were all wrong and we concluded that he must have been reading some of the books by the boys at home. We got a snootful and he brought us back to the field and we invited him down to dinner at 85 and then he left. We asked Sam what Fowler had done to get a gold leaf and he told us that Fowler had been out with the British since 1914, had the Military Cross, and had done about 500 hours' flying over the lines. The joke is certainly on us. But he ought to know better than to fill a pilot full of champagne and then ask him how good he is. To tell the truth, I think we were very modest. And why doesn't he wear wings or his decorations? If I had the M. C. all the rules that Pershing can make wouldn't keep it off my chest.

I heard up there that about fifteen of our boys have been killed. Hooper and Douglas are among them.

We went down to have dinner with Nigger's brother at the 2d A. D. They received us with open bottles. Those boys must have been in training for the event. That's the third of Nigger's brothers that has tried to uphold the family honor.

Tiny Dixon and Cal (Lawrence K. Callahan) taken in undress uniform at the front.

I heard a funny story down there. The Germans took Lille and the Allies held Armentieres. For a long time they continued to run the factories in Armentieres on electricity that came from Lille. A Frenchman was kept to run the power plant by the Germans and he didn't cut Armentieres off. It was several months before he was caught.

June 27.

SPRINGS is missing. He and MacGregor and Inglis were out this morning on the dawn patrol. Mac was leading and spotted a two-seater over Armentieres. They went after him and had to chase him a bit farther. Mac got him first and missed his dive. Springs got under him and stayed there. The Hun stalled up, and the observer was shooting down at Springs when Mac got back in position and got him. That was the last seen of Springs. Inglis says he saw some smoke coming out of his fuselage when the observer was shooting at him. It's afternoon now and no word has come from him, so I guess he's cooked. "Requiescat in pace," as he would say! I've got to go on a balloon strafe now.

June 29.

SPRINGS is back. He brought back a school of pink porpoises and a couple of funny stories. His guns jammed when he went under the two-seater and he was trying to clear the stoppages when the observer hit his oil pipe. His motor didn't stop at once, but brought him back a little way before the bearings melted. He glided back just across the lines and crashed down wind in a machine-gun emplacement. His face is a mess where the butt of his Vickers gun knocked a hole in his chin. Also he got a crack on the top of his head and a pair of black eyes. One of the longerons tore his flying suit right up the back, just grazed his skin, and removed his helmet. Some Tommies fished him out and sorted the ruins.

HE says the first thing he thought of when he came to was his teeth. He ran his tongue around his mouth and couldn't find any front teeth. He let out a yell. "What's the matter, sir?" a Tommy asked him.

"My teeth," sobs Springs; "they're all gone!"

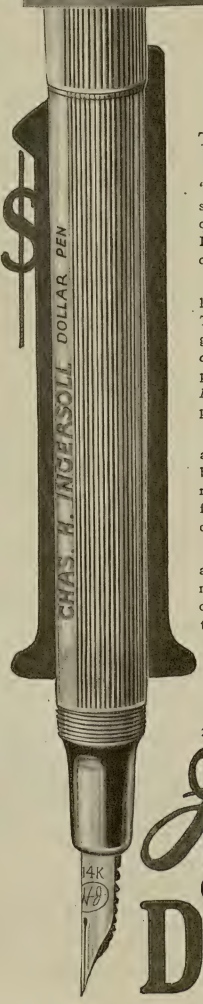
"Oh, no, they ain't, sir!" says the obliging Tommy. "Here they are, sir!" and with that he reaches down and pulls at Springs' lips. His teeth were all right; they were just on the outside of his face.

There wasn't any anesthetic up there, but somebody brought a bottle of cognac. Every time he'd try to take a drink of it, it would all run out of the hole in his chin. So he spent the morning with his head tilted back and his mouth open, while an Irish padre poured the cognac down his throat for him. After a little while the pain let up, he said, but they brought him another bottle, so he kept up the treatment. He got back into the forest of Nieppe and telephoned back to the wing that afternoon for a tender to come and get him. Then some doc up there gave him a shot of anti-tetanus serum. The tender came up after him and they started back.

HE didn't have on a uniform; just his pajamas under his flying suit; but he had two or three hundred francs in his suit, so they would stop and he'd buy champagne for the mechanics to pour down his throat. They got back here about dark, all of them tight as sausage skins. We had a celebration and made some strawberry julep to pour down his throat and we all managed to light up. Then someone noticed that his face needed a bit of hemstitching, so we took him down to the Duchess of Sutherland's hospital in the woods below here. The doctor down there seemed to think the crack on his head was serious. We were in a hot room and none of us felt too good. The doc told him to stand up, close his eyes, and then open them. Of course

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Courtesy HAL ROACH "OUR GANG" *Pathe Comedy*



"OUR GANG" in the Army now!

They, too, know that a DOLLAR *is enough to pay for a dependable fountain pen*

"OUR GANG"—the world-famous, high-salaried movie stars—are among the great army, numbering millions of sensible young folks and grown-ups, who find the INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN answers their every requirement.

And no wonder! The INGERSOLL is made precisely like the most expensive pens—14K SOLID GOLD, TIPPED WITH HARD IRIDIUM. That's where it gets its *smooth writing quality* and *extraordinary durability*. The ordinary soft iridium found in cheap pens soon wears away. In the INGERSOLL the same *hard* iridium, costing $200 an ounce, is used as in pens priced up to $25!

Mr. Chas. H. Ingersoll of Dollar Watch fame, whose acknowledged ingenuity in crowding into a dollar the biggest money's worth the world has even known, is now applying his mass-production methods to the manufacture of this remarkable pen which, from every practical standpoint, is without a superior.

The INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN is good-looking and practical, too, with its handsome, unbreakable metal barrel (which holds double the average quantity of ink); its easy-working, stem-winder self-filler; and its two point bearing clip that makes it hard to lose.

Made in three models—Men's, Women's, and Juniors'. Ask your dealer to show them to you. If he is not yet supplied, send us his name with $1 and we will fill your order by mail.

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.
205 ASTOR STREET [NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Chas. H. Ingersoll
EVERLASTING
Dollar Pen

FREE DIRECT FROM ENGLAND

IMPORTANT TO EVERY AMERICAN USING A SAFETY RAZOR

Making your **regular** *safety razor* ***extraordinary***

DARWIN BLADES *with their Super-Cutting, Rustless Edges, Revolutionize Safety Razor Shaving*

NOTHING has contributed so much to man's personal convenience as the safety razor. But it has always had one drawback—the nuisance of frequently changing the blade.

Safety razor blades are generally made of ordinary carbon steel. The adoption of Sheffield's new Patent Cobalt High-Speed Steel, has completely transformed safety razor shaving. This new steel admits of *mass-hardening with absolute uniformity* — a feature hitherto impossible in safety razor blade production.

DARWIN Blades, with their super-cutting *rustless* edges, are as different from ordinary blades as pneumatic tires are from solids. They give you a degree of shaving comfort never before even thought of. *Every* blade in *every* package is perfect, and lasts *many times longer* than the average blade. They are a *revelation.*

FREE SAMPLE BLADE

We will mail to anyone in the United States a FREE SAMPLE DARWIN BLADE direct from the Sheffield Works in England. Send us an envelope addressed to yourself and bearing in the top right-hand corner the name of the holder you require the blade for. Enclose this envelope with 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses, and post to Darwins Ltd., Sheffield, England, and the sample blade will be sent you promptly. Postage 2 cents. Write no letter.

The price of DARWIN Blades for all popular safety razors has been fixed at $1.50 for 10 blades. They are NOW OBTAINABLE exclusively from our American Mailing Department, Darwin & Milner, Inc., 1260-4 West 4th Street, CLEVELAND, Ohio. Send cash $1.50 per package of 10 blades post free, stating type of blade required.

After February next, DARWIN *Blades will be purchasable throughout America from all dealers.*

Please note that the free sample blade can be had *only direct from England, not* from Cleveland; also that packages of 10 blades can be bought *only* from Cleveland, *not* from England.

Pass this information on to all your friends. Everybody can verify forthwith the complete change in shaving conditions created by the DARWIN wonder-blade, either by purchasing the blades from Cleveland, or by sending to Sheffield for a free blade. No one need wait to avail himself of this real boon.

DARWIN

PATENT COBALT HIGH-SPEED STEEL

Safety Razor Blades

DARWINS LTD. FITZWILLIAM WORKS, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

PORLAND

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

he couldn't focus his eyes. I could have told the doc that. Then he told him to close them again and keep them closed. He swayed a couple of times, then keeled over on the floor, and passed out of the picture. "Aha," says the doc, "I thought so! Concussion of the brain! We'll have to keep him in bed for a while." So they sewed up his face and he didn't know a thing about it next day. The doc says we can't see him for a few days as he must be kept absolutely quiet. I'd like to see them do it.

Captain Elliott White Springs at St. Omer in June, 1918.

June 30.

WE got into a dog fight this morning with the new brand of Fokkers, and they certainly were good. They had big red stripes on the fuselage, diagonally, so they must be Richthofen's old circus. There were five of us and we ran into five Fokkers at 15,000 feet. We both started climbing, of course. And they outclimbed us. We climbed up to 20,500 feet and couldn't get any higher. We were practically stalled and these Fokkers went right over our heads and got between us and the lines. They didn't want to dog fight, but tried to pick off our rear men.

Inglis and Cal were getting a pretty good thrill, when we turned back and caught one Hun napping. He half rolled slowly and we got on his tail. Gosh, it's unpleasant fighting at that altitude! The slightest movement exhausts you; your engine has no pep, and splutters; it's hard to keep a decent formation, and you lose 500 feet on a turn.

The other Huns came in from above and it didn't take us long to fight down to 12,000. We put up the best fight of our lives, but those Huns were just too good for us. Cal got a shot in his radiator and went down, and Webster had his tail plane shot to bits and his elevator control shot away. He managed to land with his stabilizer wheel, but cracked up.

I don't know what would have happened if some Dolphins from 84 hadn't come up and the Huns beat it. I think we got one that went down in a spin while Cal was shooting at it, but we couldn't see it crash.

I got to circling with one Hun, just he and I, and it didn't take me long to find out that I wasn't going to climb above this one. He began to gain on me; then he did something I've never heard of before. He'd be circling, and he'd pull around and point his nose at me and open fire, and just hang there on his prop and follow me around with his tracer. All I could do was to keep on turning the best I could. If I'd straightened out he'd have had me cold, as he already had his sights on me. If I had tried to hang on my prop that way, I'd have gone right into a spin. But this fellow just hung right there and sprayed me with lead like he had a hose. They have speeded-up guns, too. All I could do was to watch his tracer and kick my rudder from one side to the other, to throw his aim off. This war isn't what it used to be. Nigger has noted the improvement in the Huns and is awful thoughtful.

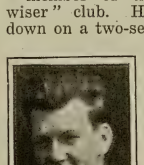
We went to see Springs this afternoon and he seems to be doing all right. He's got lips like a nigger minstrel's and a mouthful of thread and a couple of black eyes. We took him a couple of bottles of champagne, but he didn't need it. They serve it to him there. Things have been sort of quiet at the front lately in this sector and there were only three of them in the hospital. One is a brigadier general who had been wounded seven times before this last shot in his leg.

There are about eighteen nurses there and it is the custom for all the nurses, from the Duchess down, to walk by and ask each patient how he feels each morning. The general says if they just had short skirts on and would whistle, he'd applaud and join the chorus. Spring's face is going to be all right, because they sewed it up from the inside.

Mac made a date to call on a pretty little nurse. That boy is a fast worker. I'll bet he gets sick in a few days.

July 1.

I HEAR that Mathews is now a member of the "sadder but wiser" club. He dove straight down on a two-seater and the observer didn't do a thing but shoot the front end of his plane full of holes. He got back to the lines, but cracked up and lit on his neck. These boys will learn some day that one two-seater can lick one scout any time, unless the scout can stick under his blind spot. But these Hun two-seaters haven't got any blind spot. The long ones have a hole in the bottom of the fuselage and they can shoot down at you. And these new ones have a double tail and are so short that the observer can stand up and fire right down at you, while the pilot simply pulls up in a stall. You can't take them from a front angle because the observer can traverse his guns over the top of the upper wing. Of course, if there're two of you, that is another story; but it takes two scouts to lick a good two-seater. These Bristol pilots say they can lick two scouts. They fight them like scouts and, the observer simply guards the tail. If you want to go to heaven, the easiest way I know is to dive on a two-seater. We all do it and take a chance, but the percentage of gentlemen who get cured of it is mounting.



MacGregor, with 85th Squadron at St. Omer.

Next week, more thrilling descriptions of air battles. Watch for next week's issue.

FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

ALWAYS FIRST IN SOCIAL PRESTIGE

Now at prices everyone can afford

FREED-EISEMANN OFFERS REVOLUTIONARY RADIO IMPROVEMENTS AT NEW LOW PRICES

$60 *and up for table sets* $95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

EVERYWHERE throughout the land—in the homes of the leaders of finance, society and the arts—you will find the FREED-EISEMANN. Among other distinctions, it was selected by government experts and purchased by the Navy for installation on the President's yacht.

Now, after two years of planning and experiment, we are able to announce FREED-EISEMANN *quality unchanged—but at new, low prices that have amazed the radio public.*

Think of it! Sets made with the same micrometer precision; the same devotion to high technical ideals, for which FREED-EISEMANN is famous, now priced as low as $60.

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN embodies revolutionary radio improvements: Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. Sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

No wonder that within a week after the new FREED-EISEMANN was announced, our vast, new plant had to go into full production in order to meet the great demand.

Shown above, Model 40*—C40, Price $155. Single control.

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation, and, if desired, make payments on convenient terms.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO

**Licensed under Latour Patents—Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn, New York*

The Small Bachelor

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CONSCIENCE, and the dread of being found out, sat heavily upon the mutton-headed Sigsbee H. Waddington. Seeking money to free him from the domineering of his tyrannical wife, he had substituted fakes for his daughter Molly's $50,000 pearl necklace, put up the real pearls for security, and used the proceeds of a loan to buy stock in a Hollywood movie company.

Now, with Molly about to become the wife of George Finch, a Greenwich Village artist, and even Mrs. Waddington partially mollified by the discovery that George was wealthy, Mr. Waddington found himself on thin ice. Even J. Hamilton Beamish felt the dilemma too puzzling for his extraordinary powers.

But a hint came from Officer Garroway, the poetic policeman, as Mr. Waddington was selling him movie stock that had cost $50,000 for a paltry $300. Mr. Waddington clutched the hint like a drowning man clutching a straw.

And poor George and Molly! Just when love seemed to have got out of the rough and on to the fairway again, the imperious and iron-willed Mrs. Waddington had a presentiment that the marriage would never take place. She clung tenaciously to the hope that Molly might repent her folly and become the bride of Lord Hunstanton. And she decided that anyone who, like George Finch, had chosen deliberately to live in Washington Square must have a past worth disinterring.

Part Seven

UPSTAIRS, while Mr. Waddington was taking Officer Garroway's $300, Frederick Mullett was entertaining his fiancee, Fanny Welch, to a light collation in the kitchen of George Finch's apartment. It is difficult for a man to look devotional while his mouth is full of cold beef and chutney—but not impossible, for Mullett was doing it now. He gazed at Fanny very much as George Finch had gazed at Molly Waddington, Hamilton Beamish at Madame Eulalie, and as a million other young men gaze at a million other young women.

Externally, Fanny Welch appeared not unworthy of his devotion. She was a pretty little thing with snapping black eyes and a small face. The thing you noticed about her first was the slim shapeliness of her hands with their long, sensitive fingers. One of the great advantages of being a pickpocket is that you do have nice hands.

"I like this place," said Fanny, looking about her.

"Do you, honey?" said Mullett tenderly. "I was hoping you would. Because I've got a secret for you."

"What's that?" inquired the alert Fanny.

"This is where you and me are going to spend our honeymoon!"

"What, in this kitchen?"

"Of course not. We'll have the run of the whole apartment, with the roof thrown in."

"What'll Mr. Finch have to say to that?" said Fanny.

"He won't know, pettie. You see, Mr. Finch has just gone and got engaged to be married himself, and he'll be off on his honeymoon trip,

BEFORE Mr. Waddington's fascinated gaze, she held up between her delicate fingers a watch and chain.

so the whole place'll be ours for ever so long. What do you think of that?"

"Sounds good to me."

"I'll take and show you the place in a minute or two. It's the best studio apartment for miles around. There's a nice large sitting-room that looks on to the roof, with French windows so that you can stroll out and take the air when you like. And there's a sleeping-porch on the roof, in case the weather's warm. It's the snuggest place you'll ever want to find, and you and I can stay perched up here like two little birds in a nest. And, when we've finished honeymooning, we'll go down to Long Island and buy a little duck farm and live happy ever after."

Fanny looked just a trifle doubtful.

"Can you see me on a duck farm, Freddy?"

"Can I!" Mullett's eyes beamed adoration. "You bet I can see you there—standing in a gingham apron on the old brick path between the hollyhocks, watching little Frederick romping under the apple tree."

"Little *who?*"

"Little Frederick."

"Oh? And did you notice little Fanny clinging to my skirts?"

"So she is. And William John in his cradle on the porch."

"I think we'd better stop looking for a while," said Fanny. "Our family's growing too fast."

Mullett sighed ecstatically.

"Doesn't it sound quiet and peaceful after the stormy lives we've led? The quacking of the ducks—the droning of the bees. . . . Put back that spoon, dearie. You know it doesn't belong to you."

Fanny removed the spoon from one of the secret places of her dress and eyed it with a certain surprise.

"Now, how did that get there?" she said.

"You snitched it up, sweetness," said Mullett gently. "Your little fingers just hovered for a moment, like little butterflies over a flower, and the next minute the thing was gone. It was beautiful to watch, honey, but put it back. You've done with all that sort of thing now, you know."

"I guess I have," said Fanny wistfully.

"You don't guess you have, precious," corrected her husband-to-be. "You know you have. Same as I've done."

"Are you really on the level now, Freddy?"

"I'm as honest as the day is long."

"Work at nights, eh? Mullett, the human moth. Goes through his master's clothes like a jealous wife."

Mullett laughed indulgently.

"The same little Fanny! How you do love to tease! Yes, precious, I'm through with the game for good. I wouldn't steal a bone collar-stud now. All I want is my little wife and my little home in the country."

FANNY frowned pensively.

"You don't think it'll be kind of quiet down on that duck farm? Kind of slow?"

"Slow?" said Mullett, shocked.

"Well, maybe not. But we're retiring from business awful early, Freddy."

A look of concern came into Mullett's face.

"You don't mean you still have a hankering for the old game?"

"Well, what if I do?" said Fanny defiantly. "You do, too, if you'd only come clean and admit it."

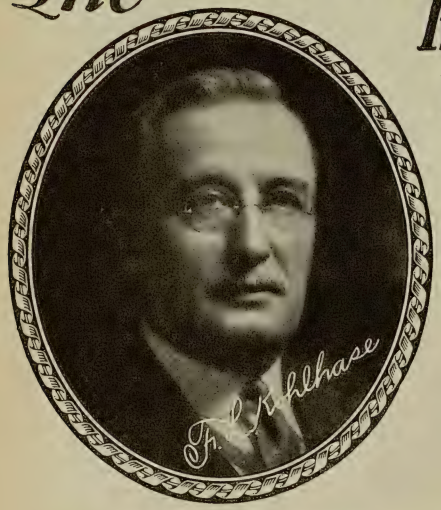
The look of concern changed to one of dignity.

"Nothing of the kind," said Mullett. "I give you my word, Fanny, there isn't the job on earth that could tempt me now. And I do wish you would bring yourself to feel the same, honey."

"Oh, I'm not saying I would bother with anything that wasn't really big. But, honest to goodness, Freddy, it would be a crime to sidestep anything worth while, if it came along. It isn't as if we had all the money in the world. I've picked up some nice little things at the stores and I suppose you've kept some of the stuff you got away with, but out-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

The Man Who Put Electric Cooking In Two Hundred Thousand Homes . . .



Electric Cooking, once the costly luxury of a favored few, is now available—in its most efficient form — to every woman in America. Frank L. Kohlhase has performed a manufacturing miracle. He has ceaselessly and brilliantly pioneered the way to quality electric stoves and ranges at low cost. In the great White Cross factory he has developed manufacturing facilities that are unequaled. He has realized economies of production that have never before been duplicated. He has had the vision to build electric stoves for the millions who want and need electric cooking and, with unparalleled volume production, to maintain a standard of excellence and excess quality never before possible at such remarkably low cost. White Cross stoves and ranges are the outstanding achievement in the history of electric cooking. Sheer merit has put them in 15,000 representative stores throughout America, and in almost a quarter million homes. Back of them, safeguarding your purchase, are 35 years of quality manufacturing . . . the great White Cross factory . . . and the genius of F. L. Kohlhase, the man who put electric cooking in more than 200,000 homes.

WHITE CROSS

TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC STOVES, RANGES *and* COOKING UNITS

Quality that never disappoints

$14 No. 102 Range

TWO-BURNER ELECTRIC RANGE *with* Removable Oven

This range is two feet long, 11 inches wide and 5½ inches high. It has two burners. Each operates independently and has three speeds, high, medium and low, ranging up to 400°. The oven is double walled, and asbestos lined, 11 inches, by 12 inches by 11 inches high. Has heat spreader and 2 adjustable grids. It can be placed over either burner or removed. Heating elements guaranteed for one year. This range gives you the utmost cooking efficiency. Complete with cord and 2-piece plug, $14. See it at your neighborhood dealer, or order direct from the factory.

No. 100 Stove

$6

TWO-BURNER ELECTRIC STOVE

Eighteen inches long, nine inches wide, five and one-half inches high . . . of solid steel construction. Finished in lustrous black, triple baked enamel, set off by sparkling nickel trim and gleaming porcelain fittings.

Burners operate independently by rotary "on and off" switches. The new-type heating elements of highest grade nichrome wire have every advanced feature. They multiply heat to the utmost, draw no more current than a toaster, and are guaranteed for one year. All connections are concealed and protected. The entire bottom is enclosed by a metal plate. Absolutely safe—approved by the Underwriters Laboratories. Complete with cord and 2-piece plug, $6.

$29 No. 106 Range

COMPLETE CABINET RANGE

Frys, broils, roasts, bakes and boils. Electrifies all your cooking. 34 in. high, top is 12 in. by 22 in., with two burners operating independently. The oven is 12 in. wide, 10 in. high by 11 in. deep and is heated by two elements (at top and bottom). Equipped with heat spreader and two adjustable grills. In oven, three heats are available (high, medium and low) ranging up to 400°.

Doubled walled, asbestos lined. Heats with surprising speed and cooks as fast as gas. Burners draw only 5 amperes. Extremely economical. Elements guaranteed for one year. Warming closet below. This range has two flush receptacles, one for the two top burners and one for oven use, and therefore can be operated from the ordinary wall socket or base plug without special wiring. It gives you complete electric cooking with the very limit of efficiency and economy. And it gives you priceless freedom and convenience. If your dealer can't supply you, use the coupon to get it in your own home for 6 days' trial use.

DEALERS

Share in these big-unit sales and rapid turnover. These amazing values sell on sight. Write or wire your jobber or direct to us for special bulletin.

Mail Coupon, if your dealer can't supply you

These stoves and ranges are on display in 15,000 stores. See them, satisfy yourself that they embody every essential feature, every important new development, and life-time quality. Then, if your dealer can't supply you with the genuine, original White Cross range you want, use this blank to order direct from the factory for six days' trial use. Simply check the stove you want, below, and mail the coupon.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS *(Established 1892)*
Dept., S 1. 3212-50 W. Lake Street, Chicago

☐ Send me postpaid the No. 100, White Cross, 2-burner stove for one week's trial use. On arrival, I will pay postman only $6 ($7 West of Rockies). If not delighted after 6 days' use, I will return it, and you will refund full price.

☐ Send me postpaid the No. 102 Stove with Removable Oven. On arrival I will pay postman only $14 ($15.50 West of Rockies). If not delighted after 6 days' use, I will return it and you will refund full price.

☐ Send me by prepaid express the No. 106 Cabinet Range. I enclose remittance for $29 ($32.50 West of Rockies). If not delighted after 6 days' use, I will return it, and you will refund full price.

Name.....

Address.....

My Dealer's Name.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

side of that we've nothing but the bit of cash we've saved. We've got to be practical."

"But, sweetie, think of the awful chance you'd be taking of getting pinched."

"I'm not afraid. If they ever do nab me, I've got a spiel about my poor old mother."

"You haven't got a mother."

"Who said I had? . . . a spiel about my poor old mother that would draw tears from the Woolworth Building. Listen! 'Don't turn me over to the police, mister; I only did it for ma's sake. If you was out of work for weeks and starvin' and you had to sit and watch your poor old ma bendin' over the washtubs . . .!'"

"Don't, Fanny, please! I can't bear it even though I know it's just a game. I . . . Hello! Somebody at the front door. Probably only a model wanting to know if Mr. Finch has a job for her.

"You wait here, honey. I'll get rid of her and be back in half a minute."

MORE than twenty times that period had, however, elapsed before Mullett returned to the kitchen. He found his bride-to-be in a considerably less amiable mood than that in which he had left her. She was standing with folded arms.

"Pretty girl?" she inquired frostily, as Mullett crossed the threshold.

"Eh?"

"You said you were going to send that model away in half a minute, and I've been waiting here nearer to a quarter of an hour," said Fanny, verifying this statement by a glance at the wrist-watch whose absence from their stock was still an unsolved mystery to a prosperous firm of jewelers on Fifth Avenue.

"It was not a model, darling. It was a man. A guy with gray hair and a red face."

"Oh! What did he want?"

Mullett's already somewhat portly frame seemed to expand, as if with some deep emotion.

"He came to tempt me, Fanny."

"To tempt you?"

"That's what he did. Wanted to know if my name was Mullett, and two seconds after I had said it was, he offered me three hundred dollars to perpetrate a crime."

"He did? What crime?"

"I didn't wait for him to tell me. I spurned his offer and came away. That'll show you if I've reformed or not. A nice, easy, simple job, he said it was, that I could do in a couple of minutes."

"And you spurned him?"

"I spurned him good and plenty."

"And then you came away?"

"Came right away."

"Then listen here," said Fanny in a steely voice. "It don't seem to me that your times add up right. You say he made you this offer two seconds after he heard your name. Well, why did it take you a quarter of an hour to get back to this kitchen? If you want to know what I think, it wasn't a red-faced man with gray hair at all—it was one of these Washington Square vamps and you were flirting with her."

"Fanny!"

"Well, I've read Gingery Stories, and I know what it's like down here in Bohemia, with all these artists and models and everything."

Mullett drew himself up.

"Your suspicions pain me, Fanny. If you care to step out on to the roof, you can peek in at the sitting-room window and see him for yourself. He's waiting there for me to bring him a drink. The reason I was so long coming back was that it took him ten minutes before he asked my name. Up till then, he just sat and spluttered."

"All right. Take me out on the roof."

"There!" said Mullett, a moment later.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

FANNY eyed the spoon with surprise. "Now, how did that get there?" she said.

FREE—*Send for a generous free sample of this new Almond Base Face Powder in purse size enameled box. Plenty for a thorough test.*

There is the Caress of soothing Almond in Princess Pat complexion Powder!

NOT ONLY DOES THIS NEW INGREDIENT GIVE A SOFTER, MORE CLINGING POWDER BUT ONE THAT GUARDS AGAINST COARSE PORES, BLACKHEADS AND DRYNESS

PRINCESS PAT FACE POWDER is a *departure*, something different. Every woman will want to try it because of newness alone. This natural curiosity can be gratified by sending for free sample. One of the things you will discover is that Princess Pat stays on as never a powder did before.

Now as to the New Ingredient which *accounts* for Princess Pat being so different. It is Almond, and it replaces the rice or corn starch of familiar use in face powder. It has been possible with Almond to produce an entirely new degree of *fineness*. This, in turn, gives greater smoothness. This outward evidence of a delightful powder is noticeable immediately.

But of immensely greater importance, is the *beneficial* effect of Princess Pat. Heretofore women have not expected powder to *improve* the skin. It was not definitely made with that result in view.

How Princess Pat Powder Benefits the Skin

Here you have the idea which identifies Princess Pat — the idea of abandoning the starch formulas, handed down from grandmother's days, and finding in Nature's storehouse a *new powder base*. Almond suggested itself above all things else. It is good for the skin, in lotions and creams. Its many virtues are known to every woman. And now the difficult problem of using Almond for Princess Pat Powder is an accomplished fact. The new process is exclusive with Princess Pat. You will not find the Almond Base in any other powder.

A frequent cause of coarse pores and blackheads is eliminated by Princess Pat Powder. The greatest medical authorities have found that starchy substances in face powder swell in the pores under the influence of the skin's combined heat and moisture. Physicians prefer *other* than starchy powders for dusting skin surfaces when all possibility of irritation must be prevented.

Thus Princess Pat Face Powder—containing no starch—fulfills the latest requirements of science. It cannot through fermentation, cause blackheads or roughened skin texture. The most tender skin gratefully accepts Princess Pat, no matter how often or freely it is used.

Thus Princess Pat Powder is to be preferred for two reasons. Its inimitable fineness and soft, velvety texture are a revelation as powder is *ordinarily* judged. And the presence of Almond aids materially in keeping the skin soft, pliant and flawless. Often, coarse pores and blackheads are corrected with no more effort than a few weeks' use of Princess Pat Powder. *Ask for Princess Pat Face Powder today — at your favorite toilette goods counter.*

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

With your soft, caressing Almond Base Powder use the supremely beautiful Princess Pat Rouges to adorably tint your cheeks. SQUAW *and* NITE *are two intriguing new shades. Six Princess Pat Shades in all.*

Every preparation made by Princess Pat is made for a definite purpose. Each is guaranteed to achieve that end most effectively. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

"Now perhaps you'll be ready to believe me."

Through the French windows of the sitting-room there was undeniably visible a man of precisely the appearance described. Fanny was remorseful.

"Did I wrong my poor little Freddy, then?" she said.

"Yes, you did."

"I'm sorry. There!"

She kissed him. Mullett melted immediately.

"I must go back and get that drink," he said.

"And I must be getting along."

"Oh, not yet," begged Mullett.

"Yes, I must. I've got to look in at one or two of the stores."

"Fanny!"

"Well, a girl's got to have her trousseau, hasn't she?"

Mullett sighed.

"You'll be very careful, precious?" he said anxiously.

"I'm always careful. Don't worry."

Mullett retired, and Fanny, blowing a parting kiss from her pretty fingers, passed through the door leading to the stairs.

It was perhaps five minutes later, while Mullett sat dreaming golden dreams in the kitchen and Sigsbee H. Waddington sat sipping his whisky-and-soda in the sitting-room, that a sudden tap on the French window caused the latter to give a convulsiye leap and spill most of the liquid down the front of his waistcoat.

He looked up. A girl was standing outside of the window, and from her gestures he gathered that she was requesting him to open it.

IT was some time before Sigsbee H. Waddington could bring himself to do so. There exist, no doubt, married men of the baser sort who would have enjoyed the prospect of a tete-a-tete chat with a girl with snapping black eyes who gesticulated at them through windows, but Sigsbee Waddington was not one of them. So for a while he merely stood and stared at Fanny. It was not until her eyes became so imperative as to be practically hypnotic that he brought himself to undo the latch.

"And about time, too," said Fanny, with annoyance, stepping softly into the room.

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk a little with you. What's all this I hear about you asking people to perpetrate crimes for you?"

Sigsbee Waddington's conscience was in such a feverish condition by now that this speech affected him as deeply as the explosion of a pound of dynamite would have done. His vivid imagination leaped immediately to the supposition that this girl who seemed so intimate with his private affairs was one of those Secret Service investigation agents who do so much to mar the comfort of the amateur in crime.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he croaked.

"Oh, shucks!" said Fanny impatiently. She was a business girl and disliked this beating about the bush. "Freddy Mullett told me all about it. You want someone to do a job for you and he turned you down. Well, take a look at the understudy. I'm here; and, if the job's in my line, lead me to it."

Mr. Waddington continued to eye her warily. He had now decided that she was trying to trap him into a damaging admission. He said nothing, but breathed stertorously.

Fanny, a sensitive girl, misunderstood his silence. She interpreted the look in his eye to indicate distrust of the ability of a woman worker to function for the male.

"If it's anything Freddy Mullett could do, I can do it," she said. She seemed to Mr. Waddington to flicker for a moment. "See here!"

Before Mr. Waddington's fascinated gaze she held up between her delicate fingers a watch and chain.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"What does it look like?"

Mr. Waddington knew exactly what it looked like. He felt his waistcoat dazedly.

"I didn't see you take it."

"Nobody don't ever see me take it," said Fanny proudly, stating a profound truth. "Well, then, now you've witnessed the demonstration, perhaps you'll believe that I'm not so worse. If Freddy can do it, I can do it."

A cool, healing wave of relief poured over Sigsbee H. Waddington's harassed soul. He perceived that he had wronged his visitor.

"I pace the mournful streets with aching heart——" "Why?" asked Hamilton Beamish.

She was not a detective, after all, but a sweet, womanly woman who went about lifting things out of people's pockets so deftly that they never saw them go. Just the sort of girl he had been wanting to meet.

"I am sure you can," he said fervently.

"Well, what's the job?"

"I want someone to steal a pearl necklace."

"Where is it?"

"In the strong-room at the bank."

FANNY'S mobile features expressed disappointment and annoyance.

"Then what's the use of talking about it? I'm not a safe-cracker. I'm a delicately nurtured girl that never used an oxyacetylene blowpipe in her life."

"Ah, but you don't understand," said Mr. Waddington hastily. "The necklace eventually will be taken out of the strong-room and placed among the other wedding presents."

"This begins to look more like it."

"I can mention no names, of course. . . ."

"I don't expect you to."

"Then I will simply say that A, to whom the necklace belongs, is shortly about to be married to B."

"I might have known it. Doing all those bridge problems together, they kind of get fond of one another."

"I have my reasons for thinking that the wedding will take place down at Hempstead on Long Island, where C, A's stepmother, has her summer home."

"Why? Why not in New York?"

"Because," said Mr. Waddington simply, "I expressed a wish that it should take place in New York."

"What have you got to do with it?"

"I am D, C's husband."

"Oh, the fellow who could fill a tank with water in six hours fifteen minutes while C was filling another in five hours forty-five? Pleased to meet you."

"I am now strongly in favor of the Hempstead idea," said Mr. Waddington. "In New York it might be difficult to introduce you into the house, whereas down at Hempstead you can remain concealed in the garden till the suitable moment arrives. Down at Hempstead the presents will be on view in the dining-room, which has French windows opening into the lawn flanked with shrubberies."

"Easy!"

"Just what I thought. I will, therefore, make a point tonight of insisting that the wedding take place in New York, and the thing will be definitely settled."

Fanny eyed him reflectively.

"It all seems kind of funny to me. If you're D, and you're married to C, and C is A's stepmother, you must be A's father. What do you want to go stealing your daughter's necklace for?"

"Say, listen," said Mr. Waddington. "The first thing you've got to get into your head is that you're not to ask questions."

"Only my girlish curiosity."

"Tie a can to it," begged Mr. Waddington. "This is a delicate business, and the last thing I want is anybody snooping into motives and first causes. Just you go ahead, like a nice girl, and get that necklace, and pass it over to me when nobody's looking, and then put the whole matter out of your pretty little head and forget about it."

"Just as you say. And now, coming down to it, what is there in it for me?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Not nearly enough."

"It's all I've got."

Fanny meditated. Three hundred dollars, though a meager sum, was three hundred dollars. You could always use three hundred dollars when you were furnishing, and the job seemed simple.

"All right," she said.

"You'll do it?"

"I'm on."

"Good girl," said Mr. Waddington. "Where can I find you when I want you?"

"Here's my address."

"I'll send you a line. You've got the thing clear?"

"Sure. I hang about in the bushes till there's nobody around, and then I slip into the room and snitch the necklace. . . ."

". . . And hand it over to me."

"Sure."

"I'll be waiting in the garden just outside, and I'll meet you the moment you come out. The very moment. Thus," said Mr. Waddington with a quiet, meaning look at his young friend, "avoiding any rannygazoo."

"What do you mean by rannygazoo?" said Fanny warmly.

"Nothing, nothing," said Mr. Waddington with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Just rannygazoo."

* * *

THERE are, as everybody knows, many ways of measuring time, and right through the ages learned men have argued heatedly in favor of their different systems. Hipparchus of Rhodes sneered every time anybody mentioned Marinus of Tyre to him; and the views of Ahmed Ibn Abdullah of Bagdad

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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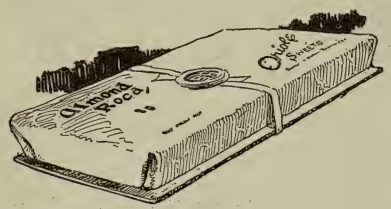

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Forty-five]

gave Purbach and Regiomontanus the laugh of their lives. Purbach, in his bluff way, said the man must be a perfect ass. And when Regiomontanus, whose motto was Live and Let Live, urged that Ahmed Ibn was just a young fellow trying to get along and ought not to be treated too harshly, Purbach said: Was that so? and Regiomontanus said: Yes, that was so, and Purbach said that Regiomontanus made him sick.

Tycho Brahe measured time by means of altitudes, quadrants, azimuths, cross-staves, armillary spheres, and parallactic rules; and, as he often said to his wife when winding up the azimuth and putting the cat out for the night, nothing could be fairer than that. And then in 1863 along came Dollen with his *Die Zeitbestimmung vermittelst des tragbaren Durchgangsinstrument im Verticale des Polarstens* (a best-seller in its day, subsequently filmed under the title Why Girls Leave Home), and proved that Tycho, by mistaking an armillary sphere for a quadrant one night after an Old Grads reunion at Copenhagen University, had got his calculation all wrong.

THE truth is that time cannot be measured. To George Finch, basking in the society of Molly Waddington, the next three weeks seemed but a flash. Whereas to Hamilton Beamish, with the girl he loved miles away in East Gilead, Idaho, it appeared incredible that any sensible person could suppose that a day contained only twenty-four hours. There were moments when Hamilton Beamish thought that something must have happened to the sidereal moon and that time was standing still.

But now the three weeks were up, and at any minute he might hear that she was back in the metropolis. All day long he had been going about with a happy smile on his face, and it was with a heart that leaped and sang from pure exuberance that he now turned to greet Officer Garroway, who had just presented himself at his apartment.

"Ah, Garroway!" said Hamilton Beamish. "How goes it? What brings you here?"

"I understood you to say, sir," replied the policeman, "that I was to bring you my poem when I had completed it."

"Of course, of course. I had forgotten all about it. Something seems to have happened to my memory these days. So you have written your first poem, eh? All about love and youth and springtime, I suppose? . . . Excuse me."

The telephone bell had rung, and Hamilton Beamish, though the instrument had disappointed him over and over again in the past few days, leaped excitedly to snatch up the receiver.

"Hello?"

This time there was no disappointment. The voice that spoke was the voice he had heard so often in his dreams.

"Mr. Beamish? I mean, Jimmy?"

Hamilton Beamish drew a deep breath. And so overcome was he with sudden joy that for the first time since he had reached years of discretion he drew it through the mouth.

"At last!" he cried.

"What did you say?"

"I said 'At last!' Since you went away every minute has seemed an hour."

"So it has to me."

"Do you mean that?" breathed Mr. Hamilton Beamish fervently.

"Yes. That's the way minutes do seem in East Gilead."

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr. Beamish, a little damped. "When did you get back?"

"A quarter of an hour ago."

Hamilton Beamish's spirits soared once more.

"And you called me up at once!" he said emotionally.

"Yes. I wanted to know Mrs. Waddington's telephone number at Hempstead."

"Was that the only reason?"

"Of course not. I wanted to hear how you were. . . ."

"Did you? Did you?"

". . . and if you had missed me."

"Missed you!"

"Did you?"

"Did I!"

"How sweet of you. I should have thought you would have forgotten my very existence."

"Guk!" said Hamilton Beamish, completely overcome.

"Well, shall I tell you something? I missed you, too."

HAMILTON BEAMISH drew another completely unscientific deep breath, and was about to pour his whole soul into the instrument in a manner that would probably have fused the wire, when a breezy masculine voice suddenly smote his eardrum.

"Is that Ed?" inquired the voice.

"No," thundered Hamilton Beamish.

"This is Charley, Ed. Is it all right for Friday?"

"It is not!" boomed Hamilton Beamish. "Get off the wire, you blot! Go away, curse you!"

"Certainly, if you want me to," said a sweet, feminine voice. "But——"

"I beg your pardon! I am sorry, sorry, sorry. A fiend in human shape got on the wire," explained Mr. Beamish hastily.

"Oh? Well, what were we saying?"

"I was just going to——"

"I remember—Mrs. Waddington's telephone number. I was looking through my mail just now,

and I found an invitation from Miss Waddington to her wedding. I see it's tomorrow. Fancy that!"

Hamilton Beamish would have preferred to speak of other things than trivialities like George Finch's wedding, but he found it difficult to change the subject.

"Yes. It is to take place at Hempstead tomorrow. George is staying down there at the Inn."

"It's going to be a quiet country wedding, then?"

"Yes. I think Mrs. Waddington wants to hush George up as much as possible."

"Poor George!"

"I am going down by the one-thirty train. Couldn't we travel together?"

"I'm not sure that I shall be able to go. I have an awful lot of things to see to here, after being away so long. Shall we leave it open?"

"Very well," said Hamilton Beamish, resignedly. "But, in any case, can you dine with me tomorrow night?"

"I should love to."

Hamilton Beamish's eyes closed, and he snuffled for a while.

"And what is Mrs. Waddington's number?"

"Hempstead 4076."

"Thanks."

"We'll dine at the Purple Chicken, shall we?"

"Splendid."

"You can always get it there, if they know you."

"Do they know you?"

"Intimately."

"Fine! Well, good-by."

BEAMISH stood for a few moments in deep thought; then, turning away from the instrument, was astonished to perceive Officer Garroway.

"I'd forgotten all about you," he said. "Let me see, what did you say you had come for?"

"To read you my poem, sir."

"Ah, yes, of course."

The policeman coughed modestly.

"It is just a little thing, Mr. Beamish, a sort of study, you might say, of the streets of New York as they appear to a policeman on his beat. I would like to read it to you, if you will permit me."

Officer Garroway shifted his Adam's apple up and down once or twice; and, closing his eyes, began to recite in the special voice which he as a rule reserved for giving evidence before magistrates:

"'Streets!'"

"That is the title, eh?"

"Yes, sir. And also the first line."

Hamilton Beamish started.

"Is it vers libre?"

"Sir?"

"Doesn't it rhyme?"

"No, sir. I understood you to say that rhymes were an outworn convention."

"Did I really say that?"

"You did indeed, sir. And a great convenience I found it. It seems to make poetry quite easy."

Hamilton Beamish looked at him perplexedly. He supposed he must have spoken the words which the other quoted, and yet that he should deliberately have wished to exclude a fellow creature from the pure joy of rhyming "heart" with "Cupid's dart" seemed to him in his present uplifted state inconceivable.

"Odd!" he said. "Very odd. However, go on."

OFFICER GARROWAY went once more through the motions of swallowing something large and sharp, and shut his eyes again.

"Streets!
Grim, relentless, sordid streets!
Miles of poignant streets,
East, west, north,
And stretching starkly south:
Sad, hopeless, dismal, cheerless, chilling
Streets!"

Hamilton Beamish raised his eyebrows.

"I pace the mournful streets
With aching heart——"

"Why?" asked Hamilton Beamish.

"It is part of my duties, sir. Each patrolman is assigned a certain portion of the city as a beat."

"I mean, why do you pace with aching heart?"

"Because it is bleeding, sir."

"Bleeding? Your heart?"

"Yes, sir. My heart is bleeding. I look at all the sordid gloom and sorrow and my heart bleeds."

"Well, go on. It all seems very peculiar to me, but go on."

"I watch gray men slink past
With shifty, sidelong eyes
That gleam with murderous hate;
Lepers that prowl the streets——"

Hamilton Beamish seemed about to speak, but checked himself.

"Men who once were men,
Women that once were women,
Children like tiny apes,
And dogs that snarl and snap and growl and hate.
Streets!
Loathsome, festering streets!
I pace the scabrous streets
And long for death."

Officer Garroway stopped, and opened his eyes; and Hamilton Beamish, crossing the room to where he stood, slapped him briskly on the shoulder.

"I see it all," he said. "What's wrong with you is liver. Tell me, have you any local pain and tenderness?"

"No, sir."

"High temperature accompanied by shiverings and occasional rigors?"

"No, sir."

"Then you have not a hepatic abscess. All that is the matter, I imagine, is a slight sluggishness

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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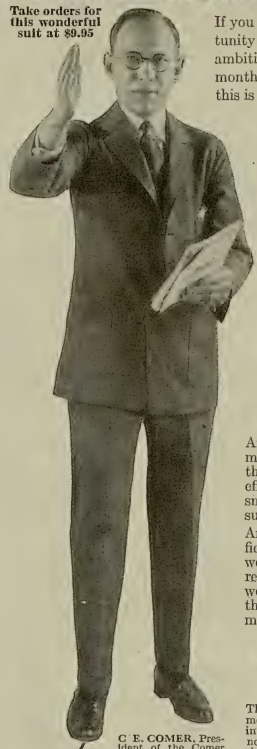

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

in the esophageal groove, which can be set right with calomel. My dear Garroway, it surely must be obvious to you that this poem of yours is all wrong. It is absurd for you to pretend that you do not see a number of pleasant and attractive people on your beat. The streets of New York are full of the most delightful persons. The trouble is that you have been looking on them with a bilious eye."

"But I thought you told me to be stark and poignant, Mr. Beamish."

"Nothing of the kind. You must have misunderstood me. Starkness is quite out of place in poetry. A poem should be a thing of beauty and charm and sentiment and have as its theme the sweetest and divinest of all human emotions—love. Only love can inspire the genuine bard. Love, Garroway, is a fire that glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. Shakespeare speaks of the ecstasy of love, and Shakespeare knew what he was talking about. Ah, better to love in the lowliest cot, Garroway, than pine in a palace alone! In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed; in war, he mounts the warrior's steed. In halls, in gay attire is seen; in hamlets, dances on the green. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and men below and saints above; for love is heaven and heaven is love. Get these simple facts into your silly fat head, Garroway, and you may turn out a poem worth reading. If, however, you are going to take this absurd attitude about festering streets and scabrous dogs and the rest of it, you are simply wasting your time and would be better employed writing subtitles for the motion pictures."

OFFICER GARROWAY was not a man of forceful character. He bowed his head meekly before the storm.

"I see what you mean, Mr. Beamish."

"I should hope you did. I have put it plainly enough. I dislike intensely this modern tendency on the part of young writers to concentrate on corpses and sewers and despair. They should be writing about love. I tell thee love is nature's second sun, Garroway, causing a spring of virtues where he shines. All love is sweet, given or returned. Common as light is love, and its familiar voice wearies not ever. True love's the gift which God has given to man alone beneath the heaven. It is not—mark this, Garroway!—it is not fantasy's hot fire, whose wishes soon as granted fly. It liveth not in fierce desire, with dead desire it doth not die. It is the secret sympathy, the silver link, the silken tie, which heart to heart and mind to mind in body and in soul can bind."

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Choosing the COLOR Scheme of a HOME

An Article by

GRACE L. DAGGETT

This early American furniture is relieved by the scenic background.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The building of LIBERTY'S homes in Bronxville, N. Y., Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane has been described in a series of articles. Now, in a second series, Miss Grace L. Daggett, internationally known interior decorator, is telling how these homes were furnished, decorated, and made livable and beautiful. This is her fourth article.

BUILT upon a rock and overlooking a vast expanse of mountain and forest, such as characterizes the northwestern corner of our country, the house of Visk stands proudly. It declares to the wide world that it has emerged from growing pains into the glory of successful fulfillment.

There yet remains, however, the necessity for giving this house a soul, a matter that has caused Mr. and Mrs. George M. Visk of Spokane, Washington, much concern. From mortar, bricks, and contracts their attention has been shifted to the equally vital if more personal problem of interior equipment. The days during which completion of the construction was under way have seemed long and weary to these adventurers in home-building, for they are eager to possess and enjoy their treasure.

In decoration, as in everything else, there must be a beginning. In this instance, the tension of final decision was somewhat relieved because Mrs. Visk long ago decided she would have her walls papered and the woodwork painted. That sounds simple, but the difficulties that lay ahead can be realized only by those who have gone through the same ordeal!

The rooms of this new home are amply lighted, thanks to an excellent northern exposure. There is no feeling of being "shut in" under the Visk roof, for each room opens on a commanding view. So Mrs. Visk entered on her papering project with enthusiasm. She collected a quantity of samples for consideration. These she studied; then, as many a young matron has done, the more she looked at them the less she liked them. The whole problem developed into a bugbear rather than a joy.

At the psychological moment a friend appeared who turned out to be the proverbial friend in need. She suggested that one more attack be made, and offered to go along and express an opinion if one were needed. Mrs. Visk's interest revived under this stimulus.

Right: For the master bedroom.

Above: For George Visk, Jr.'s, room.

Below: For the guest-room.

Above: For the living-room.

Types of wall paper used in the various rooms of the Visk home.

It was found that to express completely the idea of the decoration each detail must be chosen with reference to the whole effect. Thus the wall paper must be the basis of the color scheme. In this house it is to be the primary element. As Mrs. Visk remarked: "With the basic principle right, I'll feel satisfied. I can always add new pieces of furniture, but I want the background to be a permanent part of my home." After several hours of earnest consideration, a choice was made for every room, all founded on definite reasons.

The first selection was a decorative scenic paper, exquisitely tinted in tones of cool gray, which contrast charmingly with the freshly colored yellow of the background and give a sense of welcome to those coming into the house. This paper is being applied to the entrance hall and along the stairway and to the hall on the second floor.

Since the long living-room opens from the main hall, it was necessary to attain a harmonious transition of color and secure, at the same time, a contrast in pattern. A soft beige paper of yellow toning, sympathetic with the hall covering and containing an unobtrusive leaf design, was found to meet the requisites as to color and also provide a splendid background for the mixed furniture of the family room. A paper of this sort cannot be excelled for such a purpose. It enhances the effectiveness of the architect's creation, is restful to the eyes, harmonizes with the furnishings, and adds to the wall decorations.

Above: For Mr. Visk's den.

Right: Patent leather, piped in red, covers this chair.

IN the somewhat sedate dining-room the value of landscape paper, with its effect of perspective, cannot be denied. The walls of the dining-room in the Visk home will form a picturesque part of the decorative ensemble. Beautiful in color, strong in design, it will make a handsome setting for the dignified early American mahogany furniture which has just been purchased. These walls will be finished with a thin coat of shellac, which will mellow the paper and at the same time add to its permanency.

In the master bedroom, eventually to have painted furniture of deep buff, a broad, indefinitely striped paper with a delicately flowered wreath decoration blends with the tiled fireplace and enhances the refreshing character of the room.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Cherry blossoms, creamy yellow, with brown stems reflected against azure sky, create the illusion of distance and give the occupant of the guest chamber the exhilarated freshness of spring. Little else is required to make this room complete. By cutting down the head of a large brass bed and reversing it, thus making the foot the head, the skeleton of a smart piece of furniture is formed. A slip cover for the low head and a ruffled bedspread of cotton taffeta, gayly piped in blue, add the finishing touch to this experiment in rejuvenation. An old dresser painted yellow, a small table, and one chair add to the furnishings that give this room a delicate charm.

THE young son of the family, George, Jr., likes color and plenty of it. For his room a French toile of brilliantly colored figure groups is certain to prove stimulating to his imagination. In this room is being placed some simple walnut furniture and several painted wicker pieces. It is a typical boy's room.

"When you come to my den, you can go just as strong as you like," had been the parting injunction of Mr. Visk. His instructions were carried out to the letter by the choice of a vigorous design of white-and-green Chinese trees on a black background, with a medallion of figures in red. It is daring but smart, and when the wicker furniture—which Mr. Visk has painted so carefully in red, striped with black—is put in place, there will be no doubt as to the result.

An old overstuffed chair (extracted from the storeroom at the office) is being slicked up with a jaunty covering of black patent leather piped in red—quite a new note, but a good one — and is destined to become the feature of the master's sanctum sanctorum. The chair was Mr. Visk's own idea. It appears that men are developing rapidly in their sense of the artistic and are demanding a part in contributing suggestions for furnishing their own particular quarters.

Showing the treatment of a window in the master bedroom.

This room was the last to be considered and at the end of the afternoon two tired but gratified women looked over the fruits of their labors with satisfaction. They were convinced they had done their best and decided to call in Mr. Visk for his stamp of approval.

"Well, how about it?" said he, breezing through the door a few minutes later and proceeding to glance hurriedly through the lot. "These look right enough, but how much are they going to cost?" Such a practical question from such an enterprising gentleman, as he glanced suspiciously at his wife's friend, proved somewhat disconcerting. Hurried figuring on the part of the dealer, and the total sum was announced. Mr. Visk gasped and opened his eyes in amazement. "Are you women trying to ruin me?" was his despairing exclamation.

A gloomy quiet prevailed for a moment. Then Mrs. Visk, firmly set as to her choice, rose to the occasion: "But, George, there is no real extravagance in this. I expect the walls to make the interior of our home and I've based all my future plans on these backgrounds. We can do without some furniture, but this is more important to me."

Silence again for a moment, and then, in a tone of resignation —knowing himself defeated from the start—Mr. Visk vented his feelings by saying, "Well, if you are so set on it, I haven't anything to say; but I suppose I shall have to wear my straw hat and a blanket all next winter!" No spark of sympathy for a man in such a forlorn predicament was evidenced in Mrs. Visk's delighted smile.

SOME find one part of their home-furnishing campaign extremely difficult, while others find a quite different problem apparently insurmountable. How much better to work out the whole general scheme correctly, each step of the way! Such a course is likely to call for energy and sustained effort, but the rewards are great. When the home-maker has overcome the obstacle of choosing a basic motif, she will find her further selections much easier.

This pitfall confronting the inexperienced home decorator —an inability to visualize the home in its entirety—makes it necessary to think out the entire problem before making the first decision. In the selection of her wall papers Mrs. Visk remembered that they must be chosen with reference not only to lighting conditions but to the appearance of the furniture for which they were to provide a background.

Each room must harmonize, in color and treatment, with the one adjoining. The secret of successful color handling is to have one room blend into another without any decided change of scheme.

In next week's issue Miss Grace L. Daggett will tell how the Jeffersons, of Bronxville, N. Y., completed the furnishing and decorating of their home.

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For the Love o' Lil

THIS WEEK'S cover tells the picture story of the incident in the lives of Lil Morse and her sweetheart, Sandy Jenkins, that is described below by Leslie Thrasher in Chapter XX of the cover continuity. LIBERTY will publish a chapter of For the Love o' Lil each week so that the thousands of readers throughout the country who are keenly interested in Lil and Sandy may watch the progress of their love affair. Mr. Thrasher's heroine and hero, our readers say, are having the same adventures that thousands of other young lovers are having. Now for the story:

For the Love o' Lil

By LESLIE THRASHER

CHAPTER XX *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

LIL MORSE prided herself upon being able to see two sides of a question, even though one might oppose her heart's desire. And while she had punished Cuddles Keenan for trying to steal Sandy Jenkins from her, she also decided to punish Sandy for putting himself in a position to be stolen.

There was a hiking club in the neighborhood and Lil elected this as the medium for her punishment. Not that hiking would punish Sandy; he liked it as well as she. But there were a lot of nice-looking young fellows in the club, and Lil knew, without vanity, that she would probably be the best looking girl on the hike. It would give Sandy something to think about.

And so it happened. Lil, looking like a lovely little modern wood nymph in her smart hiking suit, proved as honey to the bee. Before half a mile had been passed, she was the center of a crowd of adoring young swains. And Sandy found himself on the outside looking in.

It would have been a lonely, not to say miserable, hike for Sandy, if his foot hadn't gone back on him. But the rubbing of his new shoes forced him to quit the party early in the afternoon. And Lil, of course, having come with him, had to quit with him.

Sandy denied emphatically that his "sore toe" was a ruse. But Lil knew better, and she resolved that he should not escape so lightly with his innocent deceit.

(To be continued next week)

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Little Nannie Langhorne

By

Vera L. Connolly

An Intensely Interesting Character Study of Lady Astor

The author paints the graceful background of "Ole Virginny," wherein the first woman Member of Parliament passed her happy girlhood. And there is a swift but memorable glimpse of Lady Astor herself and the personality that has made her a favorite on two continents.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

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Reduce your Hip and Waist Line Two to Four Inches in TEN DAYS!

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Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know?

EACH week, LIBERTY asks twenty questions, submitted by readers. For each question and answer submitted, we pay $5. *Don't forget to send in answers with your questions* addressed to Question Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City. We print the answers, believing them correct. But no one can know everything.

See how many you can answer of this week's list:

1—What President of the United States was blind in one eye for twelve years before his death?—*Archie Rice, Walton, N. Y.*

2—For whom was Cincinnati named?—*Edith A. Smith, Riverside, Ill.*

3—What was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and when?—*James E. Phinney, Mechanicsville, N. Y.*

4—How many shots did the American fleet fire at the battle of Santiago to sink the four Spanish ships, Oquendo, Vizcaya, Maria Teresa, and Cristobal Colon?—*James E. Nix, Philadelphia, Pa.*

5—Can you bound Kansas from memory without using a map?—*F. Muir, Rock Springs, Wyo.*

6—On what day of the year did the Bastille fall?—*Maurice Denison, Elmhurst, N. Y.*

7—What famous battle did General Grant win on the third day of fighting after being beaten with heavy losses the first two days?—*J. Harper Eade, Los Angeles, Calif.*

8—Does the hair grow in a bunch on the end of a mule's tail, or is it clipped?—*Jas. F. Keir, Tonkawa, Okla.*

9—What is the largest oak tree in the United States?—*Marie P. Davidson, Baltimore, Md.*

10—How much dual flying instruction does the average person require before flying a plane alone?—*F. Williams, Tallulah, La.*

11—Who was the first President born under the American flag?—*James Todd, North Adams, Mass.*

12—Is there such a thing as a snow-white canary?—*Mrs. Hayne Jones, Walhalla, S. C.*

13—What percentage of army officers are graduates of West Point?—*W. J. Kelker, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

14—Who invented spectacles?—*Charles E. Jenkins, Jersey City, N. J.*

15—Where did Edison first publicly install the electric light?—*Mrs. J. L. Colahan, Mt. Carmel, Pa.*

16—How many pounds pressure do the jaws of an average person exert in chewing?—*V. H. Eman, D.D.S., Ann Arbor, Mich.*

17—What is the tallest tree in the world?—*Jeanette Siloy, Cleveland, Ohio.*

18—Who signed the Declaration of Independence after voting against it?—*Jack O'Neill, Detroit, Mich.*

19—Who brought the first slaves to North America, and when?—*Nellie M. Jillson, Buffalo, N. Y.*

20—What bird can outrun a fairly fast horse?—*Bess O. Abbott, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What painter put his enemy into hell? And what Pope refused to take the painter's enemy out?
A.—Michelangelo painted Biagio di Cesena, a courtier who had criticized him, among the condemned in the fresco of The Last Judgment. When Biagio appealed to Pope Julius II, the pontiff answered jokingly: "If it were Purgatory, I might do something; but over Hell I have no jurisdiction."

2—What edition of the Bible is known as the "bug Bible," and why?
A.—Mathews' Bible, published by John Rogers under the fictitious name of Thomas Mathews in 1537. In it, the fifth verse of Psalm XCI, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," is translated, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the bugges by night."

3—What are the real names of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Sarah Bernhardt, Ouida, George Eliot?
A.—Gaetano Rapagnetta; Rosine Bernard; Louise de la Ramee, Mary Ann Evans (Cross).

4—To which two sires do the great majority of American harness racing horses trace their ancestry?
A.—To Peter the Great and Axworthy, both of which were descendants of Hambletonion 10.

5—What Scotchman ruled as an emperor in the United States?
A.—Alexander McGillivray was "Emperor of the Creek Nation" and ruled over approximately 25,000 Creeks, Seminoles, Cherokees, and allied tribes. His capital was at Wetumpka, Alabama, and he visited President Washington to make a treaty with the United States.

6—Is New Orleans situated on the Gulf of Mexico?
A.—No. It was originally built on the gulf, but now is sixty miles from it, owing to the accretions of "made land" on the delta.

7—Who introduced golf into America?
A.—The Dutch. The burgemeesters of Albany forbade the playing of the game in 1680.

8—What was the nationality of the explorer who discovered North America for England?
A.—John Cabot was an Italian named Giovanni Caboto, who, with his two brothers, was hired by the English. Later he adopted the name of John Cabot.

9—What tribe of Indians has maintained independence for more than 300 years, refusing to acknowledge the rule of any government?
A.—The Yaquis of Mexico.

10—Who was the first heavyweight champion fighter?
A.—James Figg.

11—Where did our domestic chickens originate?
A.—From the jungle fowl of India.

12—What was the name of the capital of Alabama which is now a deserted town?
A.—Cahaba.

13—Who was Cleopatra's husband?
A.—Ptolemy V, surnamed Epiphanes.

14—What is the size and weight of a baseball?
A.—It must weigh not less than 5 nor more than 5¼ ounces and measure not less than 9 nor more than 9¼ inches in circumference.

15—Who was the author of the first works written in the Anglo-Saxon language that are still extant?
A.—Caedmon, died about 680.

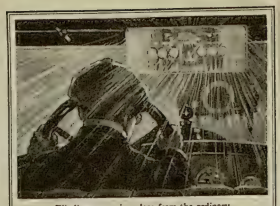
16—What are the ductless glands?
A.—The spleen, the thymus, the thyroid, the parathyroids, the suprarenals, the haemolymph, the pituitary, the pineal, the coccygeal, and the carotid.

17—Who invented the modern skyscraper?
A.—William le B. Jenney, of Jenney, Mundie & Jensen, Chicago architects. He conceived the idea from seeing bamboo buildings in the Philippines, returned to America, and began using skeleton steel. The first skyscraper was the Home Insurance Building in Chicago.

18—Who were the Wide-Awakes?
A.—Loyal citizens of St. Louis, Missouri, at the time of the Civil War, chiefly German-Americans, who organized to prevent the Confederates from seizing Missouri.

19—Why did Henry Ward Beecher write his only novel, Norwood?
A.—To prove that he did not write Uncle Tom's Cabin, authorship of which had been attributed to him.

20—What is at once the smallest and the oldest state in Europe? Where is it?
A.—The Republic of San Marino, with an area of thirty-eight square miles and dating back to the fourth century. It is in the Apennines, near Rimini, in the heart of Italy.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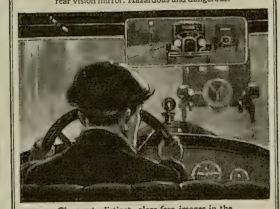
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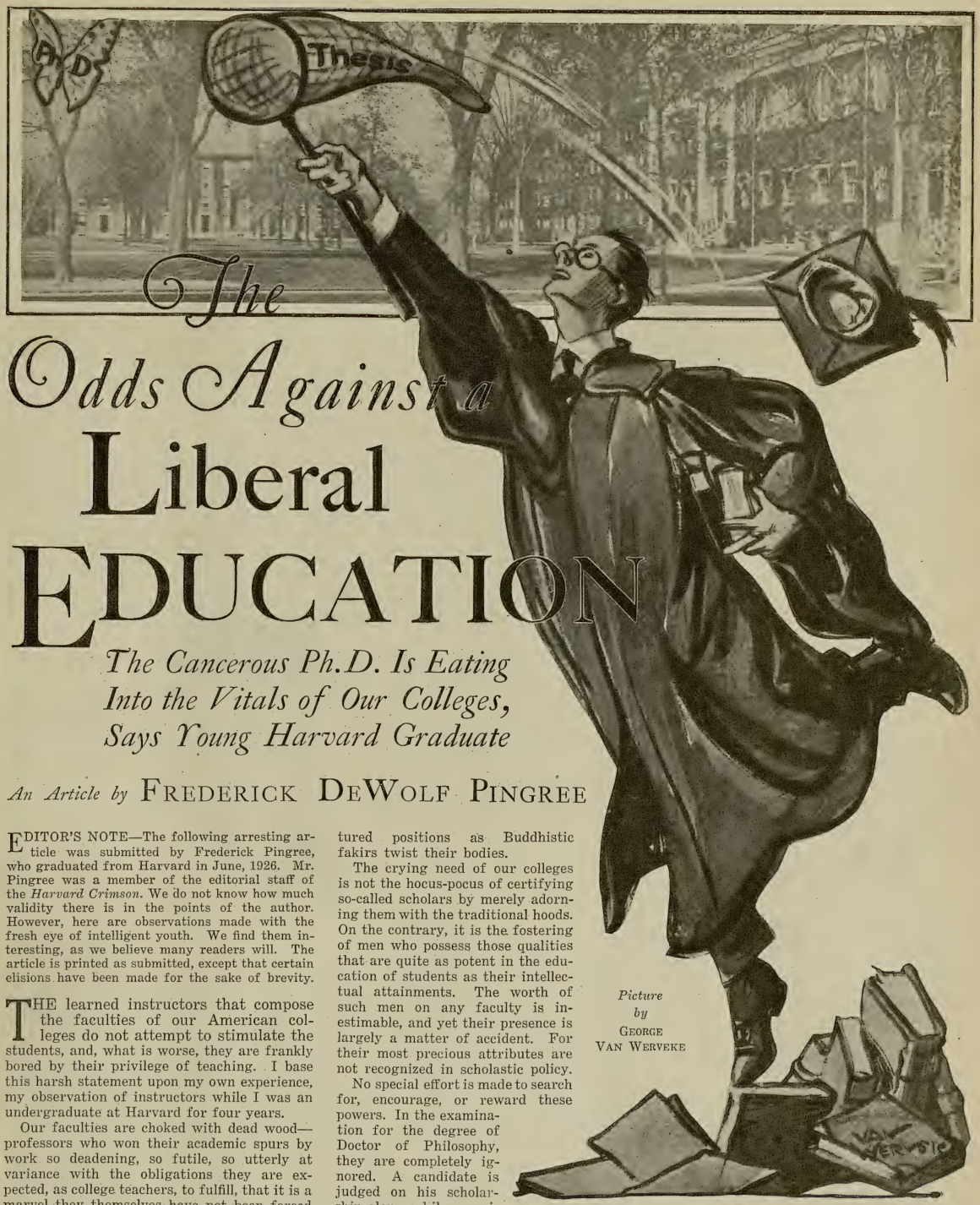

The Odds Against a Liberal EDUCATION

The Cancerous Ph.D. Is Eating Into the Vitals of Our Colleges, Says Young Harvard Graduate

An Article by FREDERICK DEWOLF PINGREE

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following arresting article was submitted by Frederick Pingree, who graduated from Harvard in June, 1926. Mr. Pingree was a member of the editorial staff of the *Harvard Crimson*. We do not know how much validity there is in the points of the author. However, here are observations made with the fresh eye of intelligent youth. We find them interesting, as we believe many readers will. The article is printed as submitted, except that certain elisions have been made for the sake of brevity.

THE learned instructors that compose the faculties of our American colleges do not attempt to stimulate the students, and, what is worse, they are frankly bored by their privilege of teaching. I base this harsh statement upon my own experience, my observation of instructors while I was an undergraduate at Harvard for four years.

Our faculties are choked with dead wood—professors who won their academic spurs by work so deadening, so futile, so utterly at variance with the obligations they are expected, as college teachers, to fulfill, that it is a marvel they themselves have not been forced by conscience to confess the hypocrisy they are daily enacting. In becoming Doctors of Philosophy, they wasted three of the best years of their lives and bent their minds into as tortured positions as Buddhistic fakirs twist their bodies.

The crying need of our colleges is not the hocus-pocus of certifying so-called scholars by merely adorning them with the traditional hoods. On the contrary, it is the fostering of men who possess those qualities that are quite as potent in the education of students as their intellectual attainments. The worth of such men on any faculty is inestimable, and yet their presence is largely a matter of accident. For their most precious attributes are not recognized in scholastic policy.

No special effort is made to search for, encourage, or reward these powers. In the examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, they are completely ignored. A candidate is judged on his scholarship alone, while no evidence of his ability to use this knowledge is demanded. What he gathers for himself, not what he can impart, is the standard by which he is graded in the teaching profession.

The result of this wretched practice is at once apparent. Our college teachers, with rare exceptions, are not teachers but pedants.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE ODDS AGAINST A LIBERAL EDUCATION Continued from Page Fifty-three]

In working for their Ph.D. degree, they have mastered one, and only one, special field. Their mechanized labor has robbed them of broad knowledge, of sympathy, of human interest — of everything that might qualify them to teach.

OUTSIDE of their specialty, they are often as uninformed as if they had never been to college. And, what is even more serious, they are heavy, complacent, and utterly incurious. In their lectures they hide their own personality. They dread an exposure of its true nature.

Frederick L. Allen, ex-secretary of the Harvard Corporation, said in a recent article in the *Independent:*

"One of the soundest pieces of advice given to me when I was selecting my college courses was *not* to pick subjects, but to pick *men.* The subject, I was told, mattered very little; the important thing was to find a *real* teacher."

We have it likewise on the word of Mr. Allen that splendid teachers are extremely rare. John Palmer Gavit, whose impartial researches and opinions as set forth in College (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) are perhaps the most distinguished contribution to the study of academic problems made in the last decade, says:

"I would try to name some of the great teachers; but most of them whom I should name have passed into the Invisible, and among those still in active teaching I am not justified in invidious selection. Everywhere I have asked for them, and everywhere they seemed sadly few."

Indeed, they are few; and the sadder aspect of the situation is that while education is spreading by leaps and bounds and new colleges are springing up on every hand, the paucity of great teachers grows more and more perceptible. Where can we find, for scholarship, creative power, and sheer inspiration, names to match those of William James, Emerson, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis James Child, Agassiz, Barrett Wendell, Charles W. Eliot, Santayana, and Dean LeBaron Russell Briggs? All of these were teachers of youth.

A grave defect—namely: the Doctor of Philosophy cancer—is eating the heart out of higher education. What are we going to do about it? And who will show us how?

President Hibben of Princeton is, as far as I know, the only prominent figure in American education who has accurately diagnosed the disease and had the courage to proclaim his findings. In an address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, June 25 of this year, he attacked the system of American scholarship and laid bare the inherent shortcomings which require that all its members train for years to pass through the same narrow gate of learning, while no consideration is given to the fitness of the successful, but often sadly desiccated, candidates to teach.

And what is this system? It is the laborious German rigmarole of whittling down a man's intellectual interest until its point is so fine that it covers only one specialized topic.

"In Commencement season," remarks the Boston *Transcript,* "we are again reminded that of the making of doctors there is no end."

This is the culmination of the pernicious process, and the doctor is not the capable medical student who receives his M. D., but the pedantic graduate student who, having come to "know more and more of less and less," and having perfected himself in the encyclopedian manipulation of card catalogues and bibliographies, at last receives his Ph.D., or Doctor of Philosophy degree.

President Lowell of Harvard.

But, says someone, surely you do not mean to imply that the winning of a Ph.D. is essential to the successful pursuing of a career in college teaching?

This is exactly what I declare. Without the magic letters Ph.D. after his name, a young college graduate's chance of academic preferment is so small as to be almost nonexistent. The likelihood of his eventually securing a professorship is little, if any.

William James, the great philosopher and teacher, in his brilliant essay, "The Ph. D. Octopus," says:

"THE truth is, that 'Doctor-Monopoly' in teaching, which is becoming so rooted an American custom, can show no serious grounds whatsoever for itself, in reason. In reality it is but a sham, a bauble, a dodge, whereby to decorate the catalogues of colleges."

Again: "'No instructor who is not a Doctor,' has become a maxim in the smaller institutions."

Now let us examine this doctorate ordeal, and discover why it is an inadequate and injurious test, and why it has become the curse of higher American learning.

A friend and schoolmate of mine recently graduated from Yale. He was a fellow of unusual gifts; intelligent, popular, quite prominent in both extra-curriculum activities and athletics; and, lastly, of a high scholastic rank. It had become his ambition, while in college, to fit himself for college teaching. But when he saw he would be practically forced to study for a Ph.D. degree, and discovered what this involved, he gave over his cherished ideal and accepted a position in which he has already made a financial, if otherwise uninspiring, success. He holds no brief against business, but his heart has never been in his work. And the following is what excluded him from the career of his true interest, the teaching of English literature:

FOR three years he would be obliged to take a total of some ten to fourteen courses, the majority of which dealt not at all with the particular field of his choice or even with literature, but, on the contrary, with the laborious study of the antique languages from which the English tongue was derived at least a thousand years ago, or earlier. In addition, he was expected to possess already a fluent knowledge of both German and French.

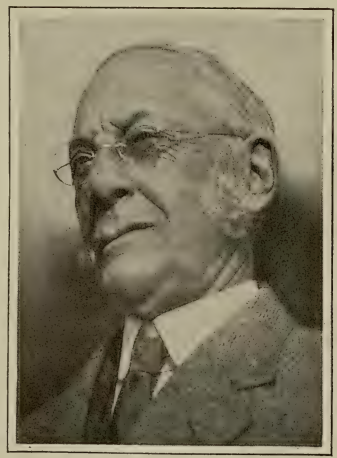
He also discovered that the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is given, *not* for the mere reason of faithful study for a prescribed time or in fulfillment of a determinate program, and *never for miscellaneous studies*, but on the ground of long study and high attainment in a special branch of learning, manifested not only by examinations, but by a *thesis*, which must be presented and accepted before the candidate is admitted to final examination, and must show an original treatment of a fitting subject, or give evidence of independent research.

This thesis, the preparation of which would require untold hundreds of hours of petty labor, he further learned, was not to be undertaken without the consent of his faculty adviser as to choice of subject, and, least of all, not without the latter's direction and possible interference. As Mr. Allen remarked in the article previously quoted from, "Professors with the Ph.D. virus in their systems have their own idea of what is a sensible subject. They want something definite, scientific, full of facts—small, hard facts with footnotes to back them up; they want something that they can check up by looking up the footnotes. Suppose H. G. Wells had offered 'The Outline of History' as a thesis? He would have had the faculty up in arms over the question of what it was a thesis in; and undoubtedly before he began it, he would have been told to confine himself to a small field, and to the exhuming of facts about it that nobody had ever thought of exhuming before."

The straw that broke the back of my friend's devotion was the staggering fact that in none of the eminent universities was offered to a Ph.D. candidate an opportunity for specializing in English Literature.

The young man looked at the problem long and silently. Then he laughed and—entered business.

But what of those valiant men who, despite the "outstanding obstacles which prevent the recognition and appreciation of the flower of knowledge" (as President Hibben terms the doctorate tasks), undergo the ordeal in order to teach?



President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, who died recently.

Some of them, fortunately, are engaged in fields of study where the requirements tend to expand rather than contract their vision; where the graduate courses they pursue are a logical extension of their undergraduate work; where the research necessary for their great thesis is an inspiring occupation whose results advance the *arable* frontiers of knowledge. (I offer the names of the more notable few—the sciences; and to a lesser extent, government, history, economics, social ethics, and fine arts.)

OF the rest, the story is distinctly dismal. The average Ph.D. candidate, as found on the campuses of our Eastern universities, is an object of pity, not envy. Too often they are prematurely old young persons; students who, in their undergraduate days, had too little time, money, or interest to do much of anything save devote themselves to the winning of a Phi Beta Kappa key and the all-important scholastic prizes. That such should have been the case is not the fault of these Ichabod Cranes; one can not blame a man for remaining third rate, if he has had neither the opportunities nor the ability to become at least second class. The point is, that to the majority of these men we should not intrust the instruction of our college students.

Now, the inferior brand of these would-be scholars is the cause as well as the effect of the ascendancy which the Ph.D. degree has in college faculties. Once these industrious but slavish minds graduate into the full-fledged office of professorship, they form a rigid and pettily tyrannical clan. Conscious of the lean years which they endured as Ph.D. candidates, and jealous of the more brilliant minds who refuse to subject themselves to this narrowing and needless grind, they band together to obstruct the acceptance as college instructors of men best qualified to teach.

The growth of this system of caste is alarming. A quarter of a century ago, the college instructor who held this degree belonged to a rare and tiny minority.

AT Harvard University, prior to 1876, there was not, so far as I have been able to determine, a single professor who held the degree. For the next twenty years at Harvard, then under President Eliot's wise regime, an average of less than five men each year received the award. The tendency in scholarship was to expand rather than contract in general knowledge—the guiding principle in the Renaissance, the Elizabethan Age, and the Romantic Period. The glamour of teaching and the adventure of creating inspired the unpedantic professoriate, and produced American teachers whose brilliance has never since been surpassed.

The succeeding twenty years, however, brought about a change. Scientific discoveries revolutionized customs of life, concepts of truth, and boundaries of knowledge. The quasi-scientific methods of German scholarship, the cold, minute examination of petty details, devastated the inspiration of the humanities. The romance of science now began to flourish, coincidentally as the romantic fields of knowledge first turned scientific. Teaching ability went begging. Pedantic scholarship soared to a premium.

In the wake of this movement, as in the path of a plague, the Ph.D. candidate suddenly sprang up on every hand. By 1913, Harvard had knighted, or benighted, a total of 714. From then on, the movement gained increasing momentum. The average number of doctors created yearly by President Lowell from 1913 to 1926 has jumped, despite all recent raising of standards, from thirty to fifty-seven. Last June a new peak was reached—seventy-eight college graduates receiving the Harvard degree. This number may seem absurdly small in terms of a national malady, but Harvard is only one of a hundred American universities that confer this degree.

But what of the tendency to heighten the hurdles? Surely it produces a superior brand of teacher, doesn't it?

Not at all! The higher the hurdle, or rather the thicker the thesis, the more grueling the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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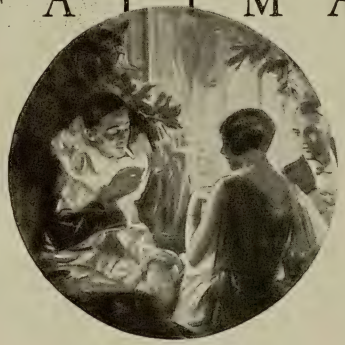

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[THE ODDS AGAINST A LIBERAL EDUCATION Continued from Page Fifty-five]

ordeal becomes. All work and no play make Jack a dull student, and what happens when no play and more work are required?

"This Teutonic process," says Robert Herrick, the novelist, for many years a member of the faculty of Chicago University, "indelibly stamped on the American university now for a full generation, may be efficacious in the sciences, where subjects for special examination are exhaustless; but in the humanities it is devastating, producing under forced draft a terrific amount of waste material that molders on the shelves of university libraries, or is ultimately carried out to the dump by the scavenger."

"NOW the cold truth," says Mr. Allen, "is that most of the facts worth digging up—in literature, for example—have already been brought to light." Yet this does not deter a pedant from offering such subjects as one of the following (taken from recent official lists):

Romance Imperatives.

A Study of Case Syntax in Some Old Northumbrian Texts.

Characterization in Islendinga Sogur.

A Study of the Conditional and Subjunctive in Provencal Narrative Poetry.

The Position of the Unemphatic Object Pronoun in Old French.

There is something the matter with the teachings and the teachers at our colleges and universities. I am a young man, but I have had recent experience. I honestly believe I have here pointed out the direction in which the trouble lies. If so, I have done a service.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Too Much Talk

Tommy, aged four, and his older brother Dick were running their pony one day, and a neighbor reported it to their father.

Upon returning home, Dick's father accused him of running the pony, which he emphatically denied.

The father, turning to Tommy, said, "And what have you to say?"

"There has been too much said already," promptly replied Tommy. —M. H., Sheridan, Ind.

* * *

He Knew Better Than That

Having an abundance of lettuce that was going to waste, I was thinning it out, and, handing some of it to a small neighbor boy who was watching me, I said:

"Here, Sanford, tell your mother I gave this to you for your chickens."

He replied, "Go on, we'll never give you our chickens for that."—Mrs. J. F. H., Columbus, Ohio.

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JUST at noon, one of the tires gave out with a long, despairing sigh. The children ate lunch by the roadside.

The CHICKEN HAWK

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Picture by ROBERT GRAEF

THE day before we were to leave a tragedy befell. Uncle Bunkle was always the first one up in the morning. Even before Carlotta he would be up and about. And he always put the poultry out as soon as he went downstairs. They would stand, all three together, inside the fire screen on top of their shoebox bed, singing. Uncle Bunkle had grown very fond of Checkerberry, Vernette, and Kimono, as you always do if you have some of the care of attractive creatures.

But perhaps all of us cared a little more for Kimono than for the others. He was such a funny little cockerel, with a tiny comb just sprouting. And he was so brave! Whenever any danger threatened he would stand boldly in front of his sisters, who would usually shut their eyes and turn their backs while he defended them.

"My goodness!" said Uncle Bunkle this next-to-the-last morning, while we were at breakfast, "I had a terrible time with the poultry this morning. They got loose and flew all over the room. Especially Kimono!" And the trouble was that Greg misunderstood him.

"Uncle Bunkle called my Kimono a howwible chicken!" he cried, aghast. And before anyone could explain he decided that he had been insulted. He left the table and stalked upstairs to sulk. Uncle Bunkle thought about it for a moment and decided that the best thing to do was to pretend to be insulted himself.

So when Greg appeared half an hour later, amiable and smiling, Uncle Bunkle would have nothing to do with him. He shook his head gloomily.

"No," he complained growlingly, "I don't want to talk to him."

Poor Greg was beside himself. He stood it as long as he could. Then he stood on one foot by Uncle Bunkle's chair.

"Uncle Bunkle, if I buy you a bottle of beer will you be friends with me?"

"Don't want beer," Uncle Bunkle lamented. "All I want is a little politeness."

Greg wriggled and fidgeted and thought very hard.

"Zen if I buy a bottle of ginger ale and say I'm sorry?"

So they made up, and Greg sat on Uncle Bunkle's knee and turned him into an engine. He filled him full of imaginary gasoline and started him by pulling his ear. But the engine went so hard and fast that Greg was jolted breathless before he found that if you pressed the top of his head it stopped him.

This game was going on beautifully when it was interrupted by the tragedy. Nicky, who had fallen into a tub of water and was changing his clothes, saw it from a window. He shrieked. Then he burst into tears as he ran downstairs. Nicky, who never lets anyone see him cry!

"Oh, a hawk!" he sobbed. "A hawk has carried off Kimono!"

The kidnaping of Kimono cast a deep gloom over us for the rest of the day.

But by next morning we were all so excited over our departure that all of us felt rather cheerful. Even Greg, who was looking forward to taking Checkerberry and Vernette up to Billy Goat Farm where they were to spend the winter. He was eager to do this because he wanted to see the surprise when he put Checkerberry and Vernette beside other chickens of their age. They were extremely handsome chicks.

The Jimmy Man's car was drawn up between the house and the gate. It was, indeed, not handsome. It was rusty, its cushions were ragged, the tires looked as if they were at the last gasp, and the whole thing rattled as it moved. But it was going to be most useful.

We had breakfast at sunrise so as to give ourselves an early start for a long trip. As we would reach Soundside days ahead of the trunks, a great roll of bedding was put on the back seat. Emmy, Nicky, and I placed ourselves on this. At our feet were Uncle Bunkle's bag, the bag of silver, the big vacuum bottle, and Domar, who insisted on standing up and sticking his head out of the side of the car.

Uncle Bunkle had the driver's seat, with Gran beside him, holding an enormous box of lunch put up by Carlotta. Then Carlotta tied a huge suitcase on either side of the car, and we set out.

JUST at noon, one of the tires gave out with a long, despairing sigh. The children ate lunch by the roadside and Domar ran about while Uncle Bunkle put on the spare tire.

From dusk on we had to go like mad to keep from being arrested. Every time the car slowed down, the lights went out. And whenever we went fast, we were in danger of being arrested for speeding. There was no chance to slip silently and swiftly along, either, as the car rattled so and the horn had to be tooted all the time.

At almost midnight we drew up before our respectable-looking Soundside home, hoping no one would see us, and tumbled into the house.

Next week's installment will tell you something about the wonderful things children learn on vacations.

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Teachers versus Hangmen

DETROIT, MICH.—You ask, in an editorial: Shall we kill the killers? My answer is *no*. You urge us to straighten up our backbone and hang our murderers. But we do, don't we? We always have. We must go deeper than the killing of one murderer to put fear into the heart of a potential one.

What we need is *teachers*. Genuine men and women who will teach the youth of our nation the meaning of law and order, the value of work and play. And, last but not least, we need a practical adoption of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.—*V. E. Theaker.*

Hampering the Law

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—I want, as a veteran police reporter, to commend your editorial, Shall We Kill the Killers?

Locally we are under much the same conditions that your editorial writer condemns. We have Women's Federated Clubs, Ministerial Associations, Welfare Leagues, Big Brothers, Big Sisters, ad lib., ad infinitum. They do more to hamper law enforcement than anything that I can call to mind. And I *know* whereof I speak.

We have had in this city alone, so far, in 1926, eighteen homicides. Approximately 50 per cent of these killers have been captured, but the other half are at liberty. Why? Not because the officers, if given cooperation, could not run them down, but because the neighbor, who is in possession of the facts, will not divulge them, and will try to thwart every effort on the part of the efficient officer, earnestly trying to solve the mystery.—*George M. De Petit.*

Hitting the Judges

LANKERSHIM, CALIF.—I want to tell you that I cannot commend the would-be judges of your States Contest. Their decisions, according to my estimation, were poor. I suppose that if I had not been a resident of California I would have won a prize.—*J. A. Long.*

A Helpful Hint

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—My suggestion to you is that you print more articles on men of affairs, particularly political aspirants and possibilities for the coming Presidential nomination. That is the kind of stuff we all would be interested in. Also more about business trends and conditions, etc., like your article entitled The Fords and the Future.—*Charles E. Gerlach.*

Doesn't Like Barton

GREEN BAY, WIS.—I certainly am in full sympathy with J. H. A. in his criticism of Ralph Barton's News of the World trash.

Comics are great. Give us something with a human touch similar to Gaar Williams.—*G. L. Spencer.*

Thinks Barton Fine

EUGENE, ORE.—News of the World is original, timely, and funny. Barton is one of LIBERTY'S best features. The idiot J. H. A., who wants a page of world news, can subscribe to a newspaper. Several papers will be recommended on application.—*Carl S. Kelty.*

Wants Change from Barton

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I agree with J. H. A., that Brother Barton's "wit is diseased" (to quote my Lord Hamlet). Give us a change.—*M. M. Moore.*

Another Boost

CHICAGO, ILL.—If J. H. A. of Greenville, S. C., would cultivate his sense of humor (if he has one) he might be able to see the funny side of Ralph Barton's News of the World.

E. T. Everett, Phoenix, Ariz., also seems to find a lot of fault with Leslie Thrasher and his covers. These people who are forever crabbing about their dislikes surely give me a pain.—*One Who Sees the Best Side.*

And Another Slam

CORDELL, OKLA.—We readers out in this "wide open space" agree with J. H. A. of Greenville, S. C., regarding the alleged humorous cartoons of Mr. Barton. We think them a waste of space.—*Dr. H. C. L.*

Finds Genuine Humor

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Please tell J. H. A. that if he doesn't like Ralph Barton's News of the World, there's nothing to prevent his skipping that page.

The News of the World is the first feature I turn to when I buy my LIBERTY, and there are many more like me. There is genuine humor there, if one is intelligent enough to see it.—*John I. Graham.*

Ending the Barton Debate

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—I am inclined to agree with E. T. Everett of Phoenix, Arizona, on the subject of your cover page. The work of Leslie Thrasher is decidedly inferior to that which admirers and regular readers of LIBERTY have come to expect. The drawings are "dead" and, try as I may, I cannot become enthused over the apparently unguided theme of the so-called cover serial.

Now to inform J. H. A., Greenville, S. C., that his sense of humor must be on a vacation or has suffered a complete death. Ralph Barton's page is the brightest single spot I have come in contact with in *any* magazine or publication. His News of the World is a gem that clearly marks Mr. Barton as the possessor of one of the very rare talents for humorous satire. Take out any page or feature but leave us Ralph Barton.—*W. C. Temple, Jr.*

From an Air Mechanic

WAVERLEY, MASS.—I am reading with great interest your serial, War Birds, now running in LIBERTY. I helped to train quite a few of the American pilots referred to in this story, as I was stationed at Spittlegate Camp, Grantham, England, in 50 Squadron, R. F. C., from September, 1917, to March, 1918. I was rated as a first class air mechanic.

I can recall what a fine bunch of fellows the Americans were. I shall be very interested in following the further adventures of this detachment.—*Vernon Uttley.*

The Seriousness of War Birds

ST. PAUL, MINN.—War Birds is the best thing I have ever read covering the actual *serious* duties of an aviator in training and brings many a happy smile to all readers' faces. I was in the same fix, with Paris as my Mecca in place of London. But it is all there and *wonderful*. I have "placed" about ten parties' names with whom I was acquainted and am kept busy hiding each week's copy from my wife.—*Wm. C. Canby.*

A Doctor Speaks

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—May I congratulate you and Lin Bonner on your timely and important article entitled, Death Stalks at the Side of Fashion?

I was particularly interested in the last paragraph calling attention to the extreme danger of the use of thyroid preparations and concoctions of "violent salts," commonly present in patent medicines advertised for the purpose of rapid reduction in weight. These substances, aside from the extreme harm wrought in efforts at weight reduction, are likewise, as mentioned in your article, goiter-provoking poisons.

Patent medicines containing salts of iodine will transform a simple goiter into a toxic one.—*Dr. Israel Bram.*

"Actors live for your praise," says Richard Barthelmess

"THE average person sits before the silver screen," says Richard Barthelmess, motion picture star of "The Amateur Gentleman", "enjoys a good picture, goes home, and that's the end of it. If people only realized how motion picture artists value a written word of praise, encouragement, or appreciation of their work!"

Greeting Cards make it so easy to send a word of appreciation to those we admire—to those who have given us happiness and inspiration, and to whom we surely owe a debt of gratitude.

In fact, it has become an accepted tenet of the social creed to use Greeting Cards regularly in the countless little amenities of life which require the expression of sentiment, and which so many of us neglect because we don't know how to do just the correct thing.

* * *

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A Handsome Youth of Forty-Seven

Tom Meighan Would Be the John McCormack of Films, If He Could Sing

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THOMAS MEIGHAN is the exception that proves all the screen rules. He is playing juveniles at the age of forty-seven. He has been married for sixteen years. Out of sixty-odd film characterizations he has had only one big outstanding hit. He has been with one company since he entered pictures. And he is one of the highest paid and most popular of male stars.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1879, Meighan was one of seven children. He went on the stage first as an extra in Henrietta Crosman's Mistress Nell. In those hard and unremunerative pre-movie days Meighan climbed to the post of leading man. He created the leading masculine role in George Ade's The College Widow and, in Cleveland in 1910, married the college widow herself—Frances Ring, sister of Blanche, who used to sing Bells On My Toes.

Along came the motion pictures. Meighan invaded them—as leading man, of course. He could be counted upon to give a solid, stalwart performance—and he also could be counted upon not to steal the picture. Sensitive feminine stars liked him. Meighan had secret ambitions, however. He had found a short story he wanted to play. It was The Miracle Man, written for a small magazine by Frank Pollard. Meighan felt that the story would carry him to glory.

Meighan, the silent Irishman.

Meighan had been under contract to Famous Players-Lasky. He managed to get them to loan him to the director, George Loane Tucker.

Renee Adoree and Thomas Meighan in Tin Gods.

Then he proceeded to sell The Miracle Man to Tucker. The director liked the story, but he couldn't see Meighan as the crook who reforms. But Meighan finally got the part and The Miracle Man went into production. Its hit is film history, for it brought Meighan, Betty Compson, and Lon Chaney to stardom.

It is an interesting commentary upon Meighan that almost every one of his sixty pictures can be dismissed as of minor importance. I can remember only one or two without effort—Manslaughter and possibly Back Home and Broke. He has gone on in endless fashion, playing the boy who is good to his mother and who returns to the old town in time to save her from the local miser. It is hard to define just why he has been able to go on doing the same thing over and over, while audiences drop other stars for the slightest repetition of role.

Meighan has been called the John McCormack of pictures. It seems to make no difference what he sings in celluloid. True, the film critics have been taxing him so severely that I suspect his unexpected character playing in his newest film, Tin Gods, is his answer.

Meighan is a silent Irishman. He is taciturn to the *n*th degree. No feminine interviewer has ever penetrated his bland exterior. He is chief of the Lambs Club. He lives at Great Neck, Long Island, where he has a water-front estate. Here he entertains his friends. I have mentioned John McCormack. Oddly, the Irish tenor is one of Meighan's two best friends. George Ade is the other.

I suspect Meighan has a lot of balance. He has watched the film meteors come and go. When Rudolph Valentino was in trouble in Los Angeles over his marriage with Natacha Rambova, it was Meighan who came quietly to his rescue. Meighan gave bond—and a heavy one—for Valentino's release. At the moment Meighan did not know Rudy.

Aside from his film earnings, he plunged successfully in Florida real estate. However, the lure of the Kleigs still holds. Meighan tries harder in his new film, Tin Gods, than in any picture in years.

Here he plays a bridge builder who slips to the bottom through drink. Married to a politically ambitious woman, he goes to South America to forget. There he finds one *Carita*, no other than Renee Adoree of The Big Parade.

Meighan is really good as *Roger Drake*, both unregenerate and regenerate. The picture honors go to Miss Adoree. In the cast, also, is William Powell.

This Meighan film is far and away better than anything he has done in a long time. Frequently in the past it has seemed that there has been a dwarfing of Meighan's surrounding players, even at the expense of the story. Tin Gods, however, gives everyone a chance. It proves, also, that Meighan can go along the character path of Emil Jannings, if he cares to. (Some distance behind, of course.)

Brief Comment

The Strong Man—The whimsical Harry Langdon never was funnier than in this comedy. He plays a doughboy who is captured by the Germans. One of his captors is a strong man who, after the war, comes to American vaudeville. Langdon goes along as his helper.

Subway Sadie—A slender romance of a subway guard and a shop girl. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl gives an excellent performance. But we doubt if you'll find anyone like Jack Mulhall's guard on the subway.

Do you know that—

Lon Chaney is to do Alonzo the Armless, in which he plays a European crook who shoots with his feet? . . . Lillian Gish is to play Tolstoi's Anna Karenina after she does Wing? . . . Pola Negri has waived all rights to Camille, clearing the way for Norma Talmadge's version? . . . Rex Ingram is to direct a new version of The Garden of Allah with Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro starred?

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First spot the new Borden sign. Because of its superior quality, Borden's costs the dealer more than ordinary malted milks. So wherever you see the Borden sign, you know there's a first-class fountain with the finest of products and service.

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If you were curious enough to carry the investigation farther, you would find that the Satin Tissue roll contains 2500 large sheets, measuring 5 x 5¾ inches or 71,875 square inches of paper, as compared with a 1000 sheets, measuring 4½ x 5 inches, or a total of 22,500 square inches, in the average cheap roll.

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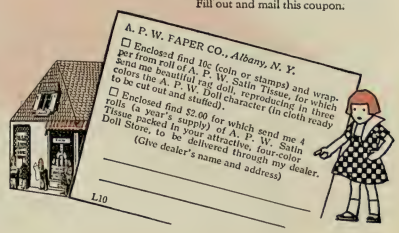
A-P-W- Satin Tissue

Rag Doll or Doll Store for the children.
Fill out and mail this coupon.



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L10

SOLVING the Little Folks' PARTY PROBLEMS

By ETHEL SOMERS

PARTIES for the little folk, though great fun, are really educational events, affording valuable opportunity for training in social behavior, in friendly sharing, and in a greater feeling of responsibility. All these are easily and pleasurably attained in a Halloween party.

At one of the most successful children's parties I have ever witnessed, the children spent their noon hour profitably enjoying a wholesome luncheon comically dressed up a la Halloween. Then, after a few hours in school, they returned for wholesome, out-of-door Halloween fun. This fun was enhanced at mid-afternoon by an orange-juice lunch, decorated and garnished with merry noise-makers in the form of horns and whistles.

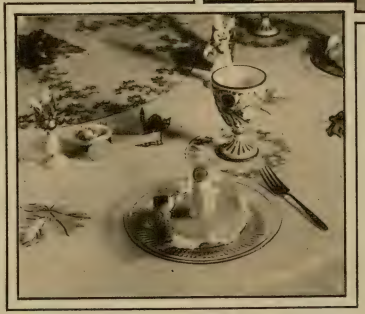
If you would complete your children's social training you must permit their entertaining at parties while very young. Why not copy this wise mother's idea of the party luncheon, simply decorated and served, and notice how successfully and quickly it will replace the customary late-hour, nerve-wrecking type?

MENU

Vegetable Soup
Creamed Eggs on Toast — Whole-Wheat Bread
Crab-Apple Jelly — Milk
Candle Salad — Toasted Graham Sticks
Orange Sherbet Jack-o'-Lanterns — Domino Cakes

ORANGE sherbet, dressed up with coconut hair, date ears, almond-raisin eyes, and a cherry nose and tongue.

THE children's Halloween party luncheon table, set for the second course. Autumn leaves and a crepe-paper scarecrow produce the Halloween effect



PLAIN fruit arranged in candle formation, dressed with fruit juice, constitutes the salad course. Note the pumpkin stickers on the straws.

Vegetable Soup

1 pound soup bone (shin of beef or knuckle of veal)
1 cup sliced or diced carrot
2 small onions
2 quarts cold water
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup tomatoes stewed
½ cup rice

PUT the split washed bone in the cold water to which the salt has been added. Cook very slowly over a simmer burner, from three to four hours. Chop any meat in small pieces and wash the rice thoroughly in cold water. Remove the bone and gristle from the soup, and add the washed rice, chopped meat, and cut vegetables. Cook from thirty to forty-five minutes over a low flame, stirring occasionally.

Creamed Eggs

6 pieces toast
4 hard-cooked eggs
1½ tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
Parsley to garnish

MELT the butter and remove it from the fire. Add flour and seasonings. Stir in half the milk. Boil and stir five minutes. Add remainder of milk and sliced, hard-cooked eggs. Cook over water from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve on hot toast.

Candle Salad

6 pineapple rings
3 bananas
1 head lettuce
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup pineapple juice
2 tablespoons sugar
6 cherries

ARRANGE the washed, chilled lettuce leaves on a service plate. Place a pineapple ring in the center. Top with one-half a banana which has been peeled and dipped in the lemon juice. Garnish with a cherry to represent the flame. Mix the pineapple and lemon juice, stir in the sugar, and pour over the fruit just before serving. Serve chilled.

Toasted Graham Sticks

2 slices graham or whole-wheat bread

SLICE the bread one-half inch thick, remove crust, cut into strips one-half inch wide, and toast.

Orange Sherbet Jack-o'-Lanterns

1 teaspoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar
Grated rind of one orange
¾ cup orange juice
Orange coloring (butter coloring may be used)
½ cup lemon juice
½ pint cream
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve it in the boiling water. Stir in the sugar, orange rind, and fruit juices. Cool and freeze surrounded by an ice-and-salt mixture (six parts ice to one of salt). When the mixture is partly frozen and is of the consistency of mush, fold in the whipped cream, orange coloring, sugar, salt, egg yolk, and stiffly beaten egg white. Mix well and pour into round molds. Cover tightly with waxed paper and a *tight* fitting cover. Pack in an ice-and-salt mixture (eight to one), and leave for one to three hours.

To make the jack-o'-lanterns, first dip the mold of sherbet quickly in and out of hot water, slice in half-inch slices, and garnish with coconut hair, almond-raisin eyes, cherry noses, etc.

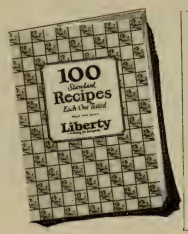
TO make the Domino Cakes, prepare one-half of the Sponge Cake recipe given on page 29 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes. Ice and cut in oblongs one by two and one-half inches. Stack two layers, coat outside with Orange Icing, and decorate with chocolate to resemble dominos.

Orange Icing

2 cups confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
Milk or cream

SIFT the sugar and press out all lumps. Add the melted butter, grated rind, and orange juice. Mix thoroughly and add enough milk or cream to make it the right consistency. Color with orange vegetable coloring.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!



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10-30-26

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

MANIKIN SHOWS FETCHING GOWN made of pall of garlic aroma, in compliance with Mussolini's request for an exclusively Italian national dress for women.

THE PHILOMETER, a new medicolegal device invented by Dr. J. Henderson Margostic, designed to measure exactly how much a husband's affections are worth in the open market. The machine is to be used in the preparation of alienation cases.

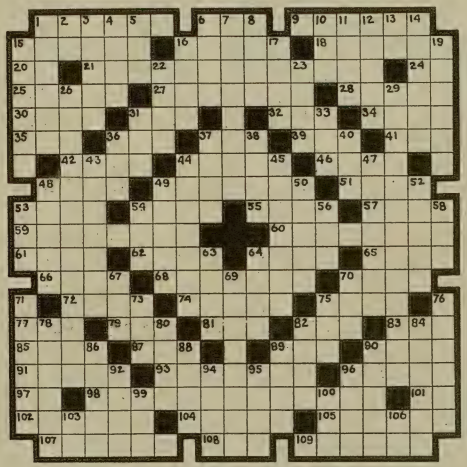
PROGRESS OF THE BUILDING TRADES: Excavator, arriving late at his work, finds the building finished.

HONEST EX-PROHIBITION DIRECTORS find useful employment, through the Helping Hand Society, keeping cats awake in the daytime so that they won't cry at night.

LAND OF THE PHARAOHS prepared for the winter influx of tourists. Egyptian donkey-boy sowing scarabs over his route to the Sphinx for his customers to find.

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

MAKE your own puzzle and send it in. LIBERTY will pay $25 for the best, each week. No obsolete nor technical words, remember. And all parts of the puzzle must interlock. We cannot return puzzles not accepted for publication. Address your entry to *Cross Words*, LIBERTY WEEKLY, *247 Park Avenue, New York City.*



Prize Puzzle No. 8

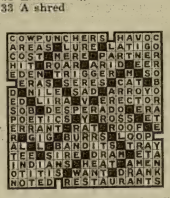
By CHARLES N. STEVENS, PORTLAND, ME.

HORIZONTAL

1 Without contents
6 To impair
9 The stirrup bone of the ear
15 Very small
16 Measured by the sun
18 Without sex
20 A form of to be
21 Union of all four toes by web, as in some birds
24 A parent
25 A light, coarse-meshed curtain material
27 Wedge-shaped
28 A medieval tunic
30 A legal claim
31 Mortals
32 To sin
34 A bevel
35 To increase
36 A measure of length
37 A bushy clump
39 A dead or dull finish
41 A cereal grass
42 A notion
44 Containing boron
46 A ruminant
48 To clip
49 Petitions
51 A hodgepodge
53 Small masses
54 To extol
55 A South American monkey
57 Sour
59 Submissive
60 An asteraceous herb
61 Loose garment of the ancient Romans
62 The linden
64 To omit
65 Not concealed or hidden
66 To embellish
68 Giggle
70 Sixth month of the Jewish year
72 Over again
74 Old English coin, worth fourpence
75 To worry
77 An article of apparel
79 The upper part
81 An insect
82 Border
83 Frosting
85 Excess
87 Dunce
89 Chop
90 Desolate
91 Pertaining to the nose
93 Betrayer of a trust
96 Certain hirsute growths on quadrupeds
97 A pronoun
98 Decisively characteristic of a disease
101 Tellurium (Symbol)
102 A cotton fabric
104 A twin crystal
105 A desire or appetite
107 Gnawing
108 A color
109 A shelf at the back of an altar

VERTICAL

1 Sticky
2 One indefinitely of a number
3 A compound forming plant-cuticle
4 A particle
5 Clear of charges or deductions
6 To lament
7 A figurative narrative
8 An incarnation of Vishnu
10 The race to which the Siamese belong
11 Eager
12 Sudden fright
13 A type measure
14 Traffic in that which is sacred
16 To lose
16 Twirled
17 To appraise
19 An easy pace
22 Chilled
23 That which limits the extent of anything
26 Restores to soundness
29 Sharing in common with others
31 Extinct flightless bird
33 A shred
36 A ribbed fabric
37 A tailless amphibian
38 Formal public assembly
40 Likewise
43 Arrogance
44 Cutting diamonds by means of friction
45 An outdoor game
47 According to the fashion
48 A wooden shoe
49 Facets of a brilliant
50 A step
52 Lubricator
53 A crucible
54 Allow
56 Malignant spirit
58 A squalid place of resort
63 A Turkish gold coin
64 A game at cards
67 Confronted
69 Satisfy by proof
70 A branch of a military service
71 Voiced
73 Court
75 Not extensive as to number
76 Sensibilities
78 Embodiment
80 Track
82 Valorous person
84 An idiotic cripple
86 Fast
88 Forth out of
89 Habitat
90 Intertwined
92 An ornamental fabric
94 A food substance obtained from seaweed
95 Enumerated
96 A star in the constellation Cetus
99 A unit of weight
100 And not
103 An exclamation
106 A letter of the Greek alphabet



Answer to Puzzle No. 7

BEG PARDON

In a puzzle published in the issue of September 11, the artist who prepared the drawing made a mistake in the position of two black squares. LIBERTY regrets this error and thanks the many puzzle fans who called attention to it. The correct diagram appeared with the solution in the issue of September 18.

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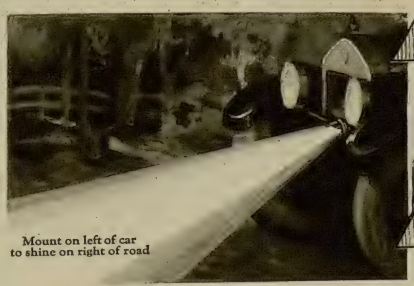

Mount on left of car to shine on right of road

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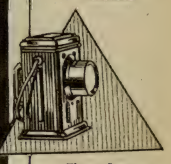


Electric Lantern No. 10, $2.75

SANDY

A Love Scramble Between a Hard-Boiled Egg and a Soft One

A Short Story by

Viola Brothers Shore

Pictures by JOSEPH A. MATURO

LOOKA. As far back as I can remember, I use to wish I could get to Tchicago. There was a lot of other places I woulda liked to see, like Karo and Paris and Whykicki, but there's no use strainin' your wishbone.

And so the day I blew up and found myself with my back turned to the parenial mansion, and my Christmas savin' money in my pockabook, maybe it was this old yen, or maybe it was Fate (and there's times you can't help feelin' that sci'nce don't explain everything)—anyways, some'm took me right down to Grand Cen'l and aboard the first thing headed for Tchicago.

For nineteen years I was one of them mar'onettes that every day goes through the same set of motions. But, say, when things happened to begin in my young life, they cer'nly begin to happen.

First, the fricassee with Pete. Last Christmas I and Pete felt so bad about not havin' no filthy lucker to get each other a decent present, so we made a deal to each open one of them Christmas savin's accounts—you know. And he was gonna get me a toiquoise ring, bein' born in December. And I was gonna get him a wrist watch with an aluminous face.

Gee'z, all year, every time I nearly laid down on them payments, I'd think of that wrist watch and it gimme a great kick. And alla time I kep' dreamin' how my hand'd look in that toiquoise ring.

Well, the week before Christmas I was up Pete's house, helpin' his sister doll up for a masquerade, and she sends me in his room for a collar button, and there in his drawer I come acrost his Christmas presents all done up in tissue paper, and one was marked for Tessie—Don't Open Till Christmas.

And the mistake I made wasn't openin' it aheada time—it was openin' it at all. Because there in that box was a pair of *strorberry pink garters!*

I usenter be mercenary, but when a guy goes with you over a year and does nothin' but shoot off gas about how much he'd like to do for you—and alla sudden you reelize that all it was was carbon monoxide, because what did he ever do outsidea comin' in my stepfather's Cafeteera, where I make cash, and graftin' meals, and then for Christmas he unbuckles sem'ny-nine cents' wortha garters for a girl that rolls her own!

Well, all I can say is, it on'y takes a straw to break a camel's back, and I ain't no camel. I went home and laid down on my presumptuous couch and howled.

Well, to make a long story, the nex' morning I blew over to the bank and collected my Christmas money. I was gonna buy myself that ring. But somehow all the pleasure was gone outa it.

And then an idear come to me that gimme a great kick. Why shouldn't I spend my money for a trip to Tchicago? A vacation was some'm I never had. Maybe if I went away, Pete'd realize a thing or two. The Old Gent would have kittens, but who shimmies?

Looka—wouldn't you think arrivin' alone in Tchicago, not knowin' a soul or where to go or how to get there, would be a pretty good day's pickle for a girl that nothin' never happened to in her whole life? But wait.

I ain't in Tchicago ten minutes before all of a sudden, puttin' my hand down to my pocket where I kep' my pockabook, I couldn't find it—I mean the pockabook. Can y'imagine? Poor little me, in a strange city, without a cent!

HOOKED

"DON'T you like it?" "Yeh, it's the pep-pamints; but it's too much jack."

I was more dumfoundered than scared. And then I begun to get sore.

"What a dirty world *this* is!" I says to myself—"and nothin' but dirty crooks is in it. Well, all my life I cer'nly been the biggest load of soft coal weighin' in at a hunnerd and ten. But no more. And Tchicago is as good a place as any to begin diggin'."

Well, it's one thing to make up your mind to do a town and it's another to find a good place to start. You know, Tchicago is a whole lotta real estate, as you find out if you start walkin' your way acrost it. Cold, too. The streets was fulla holiday shoppin' crowds, and at first I reely enjoyed just strollin' around, studyin' the town.

Of course a lotta men gimme the double o—and you know the kind that does it. But, say, if I was goin' after that sorta excitement, I'd want some kind of a marmadook that if Pete heard about he'd bust a button off.

Late in the afternoon I begun thinkin' that if I was goin' to do any doin', I better buckle down and begin doin'. Of course, worse come to worse, I could prob'ly get a position makin' cash somewheres, it bein' Christmas week. But I still had a feelin' some'm *hadda* turn up.

The Christmas crowds, instead keepin' me jazzed up, begun to make me sad. I guess I was a little homesick and gettin' pretty tired.

WELL, all of a sudden I just hadda sit down. My feet weighed a ton, and every pound registerin' an individual protest. I ast the way back to the station, and it was a pretty long hike, but at least I could sit down when I got there. The walkin' had wetted my appetite, too, but sittin' was all I was interested in. I give up the idear of some'm excitin' happenin' to me.

On the way I kep' my eyes unbuttoned for signs readin' Cashier Wanted. That was how I come to see one marked Free. That word interested me strangely, and goin' up I seen it was a letcher: Plain Talks for Plain People. Vivian Drury, Canadian Novelist. Tropic of the Evenin'—Social Relations.

The name Vivian Drury struck me. Somewheres in the backa my addin'-machine, I knew some'm about that dame—some'm funny I read in the Sunday papers—or was it sad?

The letcher began at 8:30 and the idear come to me that might be a good way to kill a coupla hours. At least, it would be warm.

I guess I musta been fallin' asleep on my feet readin' that sign, because all of a sudden I realized that for some time back there was a feller standin' to one side, and either he was a great believer in signs or he was very much interested in me.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SANDY HOOKED
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

He wasn't nothin' you'd get conscientious of right away—just one of them long marmadooks with big spectacles and a kind a plain face—just the kind that you'd bet when he was little his mother dressed him up with curls and spectacles and a velvet Lord Butterfly soot.

I give him what you might terminate a cold look, but his thermometer didn't seem to be registerin' very good.

"I hope you know me the next time you see me," I remarked, very cynical.

"I wish I knew you this time," he spoke up very polite, removin' his hat and showin' a lotta straight, thick hair the color of a icru fringe. I always did like frankness.

"I trust I ain't in the way of you readin' this very interesting piece of information?"

"Not at all. I just couldn't help wondering what you found so interesting about it."

"Perhaps," says I, givin' him the Duchess, "that's because you don' know nothin' about the speaker of the evening?"

"Oh," says he—and I could see he was real impressed—"you know the eminent Canadian novelist?"

"Know her?" says I. "*Know* her? I'm her!"

He looked incredible.

"Indeed!" says he, as if he couldn't believe his own ears. "I can't tell you how pleased and honored I am to make your acquaintance, Miss Drury."

I GIVE him the Ritz. "You got the advantage over me, Mr.—Mr.——"

"I beg your pardon—so sorry I haven't a card handy. But perhaps you've heard of me—Claus is the name. You may have seen likenesses of me in a red suit——"

"Sandy!" says I, shakin' hands with him. "Well, fawncy meetin' you here! Ain't you a little previous this year?"

"Well, you girls put in such heavy orders, I had to get a good start."

"You know, Sandy, I often wondered how you keep track of us all."

"A simple matter of associatin' with ideas. I'm sorry my reindeers is laid up, but if you would care to walk a bit, I should be glad to demonstrate my system."

Well, a walk wasn' the one think I wanted outa Sandy Claus at that particklar minute, but I was kinda glad for somebody to talk to. He took my arm.

"Well, come on, now. How about them remarkable powers you was gonna demonstrate to me?"

"All right. Being a serious-minded novelist, what you particularly wanted this Christmas was probably something frivolous. Being a woman who needs no ornament to set her off, it was, of course, jewelry. Am I right so far?"

Well, he cer'nly hit it pretty close. But I guess I give the show away looking down at my hand.

"Drury makes me think of Lane—Lane—vain—vain—belle—bell. It was a ring, wasn't it?"

"Sure thing," I says. "You get the cut-glass fly-swatter. And bein' born in December, I suppose you know what kind a ring it was?"

"December—of course. A toiquoise ring is what you're going to get."

"I heard different," says I.

"Enemy propaganda, Miss Drury, although I admit I've been having a hard time finding a toiquoise that could keep from turning green alongside of your eyes."

"Sandy! Be your age! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"But you won't deny they are extraordinary eyes—the color of toiquoises, with the transparency of aquamarines. I'd like to remember the color of your eyes," he says, gettin' real serious. "It's one of the things I'd like to take with me."

The way he said it gimme a turn. "Why, Sandy, you ain't leavin' us?"

"Not exactly. But they tell me I might not be able to see much longer, and I want to remember all the beauty I can."

GEE'Z, he got me so upset I din't notice him steerin' me right in a jew'lry store. Well, say, I din't wanna work him for no ring—a strange marmadook I never seen before, and goin' blind at that.

"Looka," I says, holdin' back. "You don't think I was in earnest about that ring?"

He gimme a very stern look. "Miss Drury, you *were* born in December?"

"Yeh—but that don' mean you gotta go right in and buy me a ring, does it?"

"I've held this job for a great many years, Miss Drury, with perfect satisfaction to my customers, and nobody, not even you, can tell me how to run my business."

What can you do with a goofer like that? I'll say this for men: the ones that has the least sense genrally always has the most taste. He picked out the doggiest ring in the lot and slips it in my pocket, in a blue-velvet casket.

"Not to be opened till Christmas," he says.

Gee'z, I got all choked up. I was out to do Tchicago, but it went against me, workin' this bimbo.

"I don' know how to thank you," was all I could think of sayin', "but you oughtn'a spend your money like that."

"Can you think of any better way?" says he, slippin' his arm through mine and startin' up the street.

Well, I figgered, what can you do with a sap like that, except leave him flow; and at least, I figgered, I wouldn't tap him dry.

Comin' outa the warm store, I begun to shiver.

"I don't think you're dressed warm enough," says he, real concerned. "You should have on a heavier coat."

"This is all I ever wear in Noo—in Canada," I says, pullin' my foot outa the mud fast.

"I always heard that Canada was pretty cold."

"Well, but it ain't so penetratin'. It's dry."

"Ah, yes," says he, "I've often heard about your famous Canada dry. Which reminds me—would you like something to drink? Or could you eat?"

"Well," I says, "as a matter of fact, I ain't had a mouthful since breakfast—bein' on a diet," I covered up fast.

"Diet!" he grasps, "when you have the most perfect little body in the world?"

"Oh, it ain't for the body, it's for the brain. I find I do better work if I don' eat too much."

"Well, you're not going to do any writing tonight, and as I'm very hungry"—he turns me around and steers me another way—"I hope you won't mind eating something with me—at my hotel——"

"Well, some'm light," I says—makin' a prayer that the tables'd be nailed to the floor. Food!

At last he says, "I hope you don't mind walking."

"Oh, no; I just dote on it. Maybe it'll gimme an appetite."

Finely he steers me up to one of these silent marble Pray-As-You-Enters—with a big drum major to push around a revolvin' door and a red velvet carpet to keep the sidewalk from gettin' dirty.

"Looka," I says; "I ain't dressed for this—reely——"

"Oh, please," he begins beggin' me, "I don't want you to change——"

Well, what a lucky break for me, with my best black satin on my back, and my other rags checked down the deepo! So with that he leads me up some more red velvet carpet and the big stiff-shirt at the topa the stairs almost busts a vest button bowin' to him.

The Big Trombone turns us over to a little Piccolo that walks us a mile to a table.

Before I could sit down, a feller that looks like an embalmer, on'y not so cheerful, gives my chair a mean shove, but outsida bunkin' my knee I din't let on I wasn't use to havin' chairs pushed under me every day of my life. Then old Piccolo shoves a menoo in my face.

I swear that menoo musta been wrote on purpose to get you so mixed up you'd be thankful whatever they brought you. I was huntin' around for where they tie the roast beef, knowin' that's always safe and fillin', when the Boy Hero leans over and says:

"Will you trust me to order for you?"

Trust him? Say, there wasn' nothin' he coulda ordered that I wouldn'ta et, includin' tripe. But Hopeless rides down the page like the words was wrote in the United States and the numbers was not.

"I wonder," I says to myself, "if he'd put on all this bowwow if he knew it wasn't Vivian Drury he was dinin', but Tessie Gavin he was savin' from cavin' in."

Neither of us done much talkin' durin' the first four courses—consistin' of a melon tore from its exclusive moorin's and tossed in a glass; a soop that musta been the weddin' of a bunch of high-born asparagus and a bottle of rich, rich cream; and after that a filly smothered in little accordion-plaited shells with all kinds of veg'tables playin' hearts and flowers, and a gravy that—well, if I could get the recipe for the Cafeteeria, we'd mop up. But after the salad he comes up for air.

"THAT'S the first real food I've had in three days."

"Three days! What's the idear, stringbean—tryin' to get thin?"

"No, but I can't bear to dine alone. Thanks to you, I did a little serious eating tonight."

"Well," I admitted, "I took a little nourishment myself."

With that, the pallbarer brings in ice cream with morons and little glassy cakes and a big basket made outa candy and containin' all vari'ties of peppamints. But eatin' so much made me kinda thoughtful.

"Looka here, Sandy," I says, while he was lightin' his rope, "what's the matter with your eyes?"

"Don't let's talk about that now. I want to forget it."

"You tell me first, and then we'll both forget it. What's up?"

"Well, they say the optic nerve's affected."

"Why don't you go to a good doctor?"

"I've been to dozens. They all say perhaps, with six months of rest—that is, if I don't use my eyes at all——"

"Well?"

"Well, I get so confoundedly bored. What can a fellow do if he can't work or read or study?"

"Seems to me there's plenty to do in a big city like Tchi——"

"I don't like big cities. They only make me feel a hundred times more lonely."

"Well," I says, "you cer'nly are the world's Easter egg. Why don't you live in the country?"

"I do. But even the country gets pretty bad in winter—if you can't read. But that's enough of that. Now let's talk about you."

But I was worried. "If you got money enough to live in a joint like this, why don't you take a trip around the world?"

"I mean to—some day—when I can get somebody to go with me—somebody like you," he says, reachin' acrost and nabbin' my hand.

I give him the Duchess: "Perhaps ahfter I finish my noo novel I might meet you in B'rlin or Paris——"

He looked at me real serious. "I don't know anybody in the world I'd rather be in Paris with than you——"

I shrugged my nose. "Whadda you know about me?"

"Not much—except that I read your last book. By the way, tell me just what did you mean by the end."

"Well," I says, "to tell you the Gawd's-honest, you prob'ly know more about it than I do" (and maybe there wasn' more truth than onions in that!). "Half the time I forget what they're all about, accounta after I dictate the stuff to one of my secketaries, that's the lahst I ever see of it."

"*One* of your— How many have you, Miss Drury?"

"Well, I gotta have one in case I feel like dictatin' nights, don't I? And then an extra one for Sundays and holidays. That makes three, I b'lieve——"

"I HOPE you know me the next time you see me," I remarked, very cynical.

HE gimme a very admirin' look.

"I can't tell you how it thrills me to meet a real novelist and hear her speak about her work! Tell me, Miss Drury, do you have regular hours, or do you write whenever the fancy seizes you?"

"Looka," I says. "If I was to tell you, you could sit down and do it too, and there's too many of us as it is."

"I suppose everybody thinks they can write," says Useless, "but writing's always come sort of easy to me. I write really bully letters — especially letters of condolence. I've often thought I'd like to be a writer—except that I'm worried about getting plots. Tell me, do your ideas come to you as an inspiration, or do you get them from the people around you?"

"Fitty-fitty. F'rinstance, I wouldn't be surprised if I was to put you in a story."

"Oh, how *thrilling!* And will you drop me a line and let me know when it appears? And oh, what will you call it?"

"'Sandy Claus Entertains the Canadian Novelist.' What do you know about that?"

"I know more about 'The Canadian Novelist Entertains Sandy Claus.' Tell me, what are you going to talk on tonight?"

"Well, if you promise not to put nothin' I say in the papers, I'm considerin' a raised platform."

"Being a truthful reporter, Miss Drury, I can promise not to quote you correctly. What are you going to say about Social Relations?"

"I'm gonna say they're a darn noosance. I got a stepfather, and, believe me, when he starts feelin' social, he's gotta be stepped on by the police. Any more questions, Mr. Daily Nooz?"

"Well, I'd like to know something about yourself: (*a*) What you think about. (*b*) What you believe."

"(*a*) About once a year, and (*b*) everything young men with dark spectacles tells me."

"There must be something you have evolved out of your own experience—some theory of life—some explanation of why you're here——"

"There is," says I. "I evolved it day before yesterday, and it explains perfeckly why I'm here. The world is divided into dogs and boloneys. And you gotta be one or the other, because the minute you ain't eatin' you're bein' et. I use to be a big hunk a boloney; but now 'Do others,' is my motto, 'or you'll have others doin' you.'"

"You don't really mean that?"

"The pig's eyebrows I don't. Looka. I saved all year, and done without things accounta wantin' to get some'm nice for somebody, thinkin' he was doin' the same by me. And I was a eighteen-carrot veg'table dinner, because what was he gettin' for me? Sem'nynine cents' wortha pink spaghetti I couldn't even use!"

"But wait a minute. Were you going to do this thing because you liked doing it, or because you counted on getting something in return?"

"Fitty-fitty—I ain't runnin' no free milk station——"

"I think you're wrong. Now, take yourself, for instance. There isn't anything in the world I wouldn't like to do for you. But would you let me?"

"Pull in your reindeers, Sandy; you're too nice to be run away with."

"There—you see?"

"ALL right, Sandy," I says after a minute. "Write your own ticket. Go ahead and do anything you want for me, but I promise you beforehand, I don't do nothin' for you. If you wanna lay yourself out like a Christmas tree, I warn you, I'll trim you good."

"Can I depend on that?" he says, grabbin' my hand.

"I'm reely ashamed to get the best of a dish of pap like you——"

"That's the one thing you can't get," says he, "because I'm miles ahead of you already."

"What'd I do?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SANDY HOOKED
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"It's not what you do, it's what you are——"

"What am I?"

"Beauty—and romance—and youth—and impudence and—and play——"

Gee'z, what a change, comin' outa the warm

ONCE a cop looked at me awful funny, but I jus' kep' goin'.

lap of luxury into the cold, cold night. I started in to shiver.

"I don't think you're warm enough," says he. "I think what you ought to have is a fur coat."

"Yeh—I know—I been meanin' to get one, but I never seem to think about it till after bankin' hours, and you can't go in and get a fur coat for a smile and a few kind words."

"Oh, yes, you can. Try them on me."

"Well, here's the smile"—I give him a tooth-powder ad—"and here's the few kind words: Don't be a blotter; us writers is very undependable."

"But, Miss Drury, didn't you make a bargain that I was to be allowed to do anything I wanted for you?"

And with that he steers me into one of these skin parlors that's open evenings for the Christmas goldfish.

Sandy interduces me as Miss Drury from Canada, and we start in lookin' at coats. There wasn't nothin' small about Sandy, barrin' his head size. I coulda had a mink, on'y I always use to think if I had a magic lamp I'd ask the guinny for toiquoises and a squirrel coat.

There was one that jus' burned me up—a wraparound with long, soft hair that you'd wanna bury your face in and die. It broke my heart to take it off, but when I heard the price— Looka, I was out to dig, not blast.

"What's the matter?" says Sandy. "You look so beautiful in it. Don't you like it?"

"Yeh, it's the peppamints, all right, but it's too much jack."

He laughed. "If *that's* all!"

And he goes in the backa the store with old Sherlock and writes out a check.

I walk out feelin' like the world is my oyster and I'm a glutton for shell food.

"Well," I says, "where do we go from here?"

"To the hall. You have to give your talk, and I want to hear you."

Gee'z! Talk about your sudden attacks of ptomaine poison!

"Would you mind," says I, when I got back my powers of speech, "not comin' in? It always makes me nervous to have friends listenin' when I do my stuff——"

"Why, Vivian! You wouldn't enjoy being there in your nice, warm hall, if you knew I was waiting out in the cold?"

"Like the story of the woman," I says, stallin' for time, "that was cookin' supper and grumblin' over the heat and her husband come home. 'It's all right for you to talk,' she says. 'I stand here over the hot stove for hours, and you all day down in your nice, cool sewer.'"

"Why don't you start off your talk with that?" he says. "People always like to meet an old friend."

"You know," I says—overlookin' the dirt—"I ain't just in the mood for givin' no talk tonight and I got a good mind to not do it."

"What!" he grasps. "Disappoint your audience?"

"Axle grease," says I. "Ain't I gotta have tempament to be a writer? I can always get people to listen—free. But how many times in a life do you get a chance to spend an evenin' with Sandy Claus?"

HE din't talk for so long I thought I give him too many volts that time. But finally he says: "I think you're right. What shall we do instead?"

"I should lay an egg. I'll do any little thing you want."

He kinda hugged my arm. "You're awfully good to me."

"Coco butter! What's givin' up a letcher for a friend?"

"What's giving up anything for a friend?" says the Silver Linin'—and for a minute I thought he was turnin' sappy. But he pulls hisself together.

"Come on. While you phone your regrets to the hall, I'll find out if we can get some theater tickets—and after that we'll go out and dance."

While he was phonin' I give myself a good pinch. "Tessie Gavin," I says, "if you made it up you couldn't a done as good. You fall in a city of five million people and land on the one soft spot. Maybe I oughta tell him the truth, after him bein' the ace a trumps to me. But I don't reely think he wants the truth. Didn't he say hisself—romance? What romance would there be in Tessie Gavin? Would I be doin' him a kindness wakin' him up? No."

"Do you know why I'm glad we're going to the theater, Vivian?" he says, in the taxi.

Gee'z, every time he called me Vivian, it gimme the funniest jiggle. "What a difference a name makes," I says to myself. "I even feel like somebody else. I'm gonna hate ever bein' Tessie again."

"Because you like shows," I says to him.

"No; because you'll have to take off your hat and I can see whether your hair is reely as gold as it looks."

"IT *is* gold!" says he, when I took off the clotch in the theayda, as excited as if he just struck a pearl mine.

"Gold nothin'. Plain fourteen-carrot red," says I, lookin' around. I hardly never get to a real theayda, and gee'z, it was a nice, clean little show, all about pigs. I got so interested I didn't notice that my rough rhinestone wasn't even lookin' at the stage.

"Say," I says, "what'd you come here for if you didn't wanna see this show?"

"I've never seen a show," he answers, "that could compare with the play of that dimple in the corner of your mouth. And there *is* nothing in the world as lovely as the way the color comes and goes in your cheeks. I can't believe it's real."

The poor oilcan! I had gelmen pay me compliments before, but never none that pulled a line like that.

When it got near the end of the last act, I felt I oughta begin thinkin' about what was gonna happen to me after. But I just couldn't give myself no wrinkles. When it was all over, I'd get to the deepo somehow, and worse come to worse I'd fall asleep there. Or I wouldn't. So!

Gee'z, maybe I didn't feel like the Princess of Wales, steppin' outa that theayda and right into another taxi!

"The Rondy-Voo," says my gelmen friend to the driver.

"Come again," says I, gettin' just a little superstitious.

"It's a cabaret, Beautiful, and if you don't like it we can go to another."

Well, we come to the place that, if I didn't like it we could go somewheres else. But I wanna know who wouldn't like a place that was so jammed you couldn't scarcely squeeze your way in! And looka, the minute I heard them jazzbos do their stuff, I wasn't no more tired than if I just got outa bed.

There's on'y one thing I rather do than start dancin' and that's keep on. And say, Sandy was no wrong number, neither, when it come to dancin'. Nothin' fancy, but a natural-born stepper. He wraps hisself around me, and my head fits right against his shoulder, and, daddy! the first we come up for air was when the music stopped.

"If this is dancing," says he, "I don't know why I never cared much about it before."

"This ain't dancin'," says I; "this is sleep-

walkin' to beautiful music." And I meant it.

He hugged me right on the floor, but there was plennya others doin' the same.

It got more and more like a dream. Gee'z, you can get as drunk dancin' as drinkin'. My head begun to swim and I was steppin' in a kinda haze. I guess I sorta lost track of everything except the beat of that music and him up on the floor, with his arms out waitin' for me, and in between sittin' there holdin' my hand, waitin' for it to start up again.

BUT at last he says: "Beautiful, I think you're tired and I ought to take you home. Although I hate to. Because if I let you go I'm afraid I'll find out that this evening never really happened and that I just dreamed it all."

"You got nothin' on me, Strongheart," I says, "because when a girl meets up with Sandy Claus hisself, person-*al*, she *knows* she's dreamin'."

Out in the ladies' room, powderin' my nose, I begun to pull myself together. What now? When I come out, he'd sure ask me where do I live, and I'd have to tell him some'm—I was too tired to be smart—and he'd find out the truth.

I just couldn't bear it. It didn't matter what become of me—I'd manage somehow—but I couldn't thinka spoilin' things for him. The least I could do was leave him keep his dream.

And so I just checked out. I know it was a dumb thing to do, but I couldn't thinka nothin' else at the moment. I was too tired to try. It never even struck me what he'd thinka me. I just had a feelin' I couldn't stand him knowin' about Tessie and if I ducked out he never would.

When I hit the cold outside, I begun to run. I didn't know, reelly, what I was runnin' from, and cer'nly I didn't have no idear what I was runnin' *to*, but I headed in the gen'l direction we come from. I don't know how long I kep' on goin'—it seemed like forever.

I was tryin' to get away from the pitcher of him sittin' there, waitin' for me to come back—gettin' impatient first and then worried and then findin' out I beat it with the fur coat and the ring.

And then, all of a sudden, I got another pitcher—a worse one. Supposin' he was to go blind—that poor softy—alone in a city without no friends or nobody around that cared nothin' about him! I stopped dead on the street and I cried out, "No!" I cried out, four o'clock inna morning.

A feller walkin' in backa me, he comes up and takes a holda my arm. "What'd you say, sweetheart?" he says. And gee'z, I was so sunk, I couldn't even tell him where he gets off—on'y broke away and started runnin' back the way I come. I don't know where I got the stren'th from, but some'm in me was makin' me go on.

"You gotta find Sandy," it kep' sayin'. "Nothin' else matters—you hear? You gotta find Sandy——"

Two dif'rent times men calls after me, seein' me runnin' along with the tears streamin' down my face. (I couldn't keep from cryin'.) And once a cop looked at me awful funny, but I jus' kep' on goin' till my breath give out. And then, as soon as I'd rest up against a house, this voice insida me'd start up again: "Hurry up or you might be too late, and then maybe you'll never find him—never—never—never."

"Oh, Gawd," I prayed while I was runnin' along. "Oh, Gawd, if you'll on'y leave me find Sandy, so's I can take care a him in case anything happens—I'll never ask you for nothin' again as long as I live—never, never! Oh, Gawd, please take me to Sandy!"

And I guess Gawd did. Maybe He mighta had some'm in mind all along. Anyways, alla sudden I reco'nized the street where I got outa the taxi, and there, sure enough, was th' electric sign—and I was just gonna sneak in to see if I could maybe see Sandy, when somebody jumps out of a taxi and grabs me by the arm.

"*Sandy!*" I cried, throwin' myself around his neck. "Oh, Sandy, I'm so glad—I found you again!"

His arm went around me, and there we stood on the street, huggin' each other and the both of us cryin'. Gawd, did you ever feel a man's tears on your face?

"Darling—what happened?"

"I don't know. I run away because I didn't want you to find out some'm. And then I thought maybe you might need me, and so I come back again. I din't know the way, but I just kep' on runnin' and runnin', and some'm brought me here——"

"It was I—I *wished* you here."

"WHATEVER it was—Sandy, I'm thankful! I didn't want you to find out, but now I want you to know. I run away because I told you a lie. I'm not Vivian Drury!"

There—it was out! I waited for a look of surprise to come in his face. But he kissed me instead.

"Beautiful!" he says. "Of course you're not. But you're the next thing to Vivian Drury."

"I'm on'y Tessie Gavin."

"But you're next to me—and I'm Vivian Drury."

"You! Oh, my Gawd!"

And then it come to me—the thing I read in the paper about this writer that had the girl's name and was always havin' fights accounta people takin' him for a sissy—and always got letters addressed *Miss* Vivian Drury—but he wouldn't change it accounta it was an old family name and meant some'm to him.

And then it all come crowdin' in on me—the way I talked to him about my books—*his* books. And it was reelly him give up the letcher for me and—Oh, my Gawd! I near died.

"Oh, Sandy!" I hid my face against his arm. "I'm so ashamed!"

"HONEY, it was wicked of me, but I couldn't help it. You were so gorgeously impertinent and—and amusing—and then I got so crazy about you—nothing mattered except having you near me. Honey, I'll never let you go again!"

"But, Sandy — maybe you wouldn't like me if you knew the kinda egg I am——"

"What kind of an egg are you, dearest? I like mine fresh and—well, yes, a little hard boiled——"

I was laughin' and cryin' at the same time.

"And, Sandy—I come back to tell you—if anything was to happen to you—ever—I'd wanna be around to take care of you."

"Beautiful! It's wrong of me—but I must have you. I shan't even be afraid of going bl——"

"Don't, Sandy—don't say it! I can't bear it."

"We'll never mention the word again, sweetheart. We won't have to. Because they tell me if I stop working I'll be all right. And I will stop, now. I'll have plenty to do looking after you, buying you all the pretty things in the world and doing all the things that I've always wanted to do for somebody—all my life. You remember, you said you'd let me."

"I said a lotta things. I said I wouldn't never do nothin' for you in return. And now that's what I wanna do, nothin' else but. I said my motto was 'Do others,' but I guess when it comes right down to it I was meant to be a loada soft coal, after all."

He didn't leave me say no more.

After a while the driver gets tired sittin' in the cold and calls out, "Say, boss, you gonna need me tomorrer?"

"I should say so," says Sandy, helpin' me in as if that was why he kep' him there all a time. "Where to?"

"Well," I says, "you might as well know the worst. I ain't got no home or no friends or no money or——"

"Hurray! It *is* a fairy story! I can begin taking care of you right away."

And the Prize Package of the world takes me on his lap and cuddles me like I was a baby.

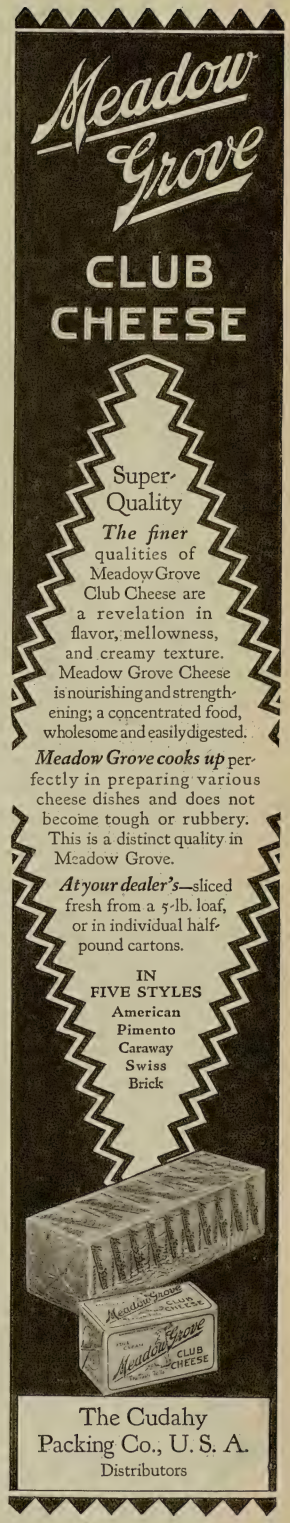
"Poor little sweetheart! All tired out. Just close your eyes and don't you worry about anything."

"Worry?" I says, findin' a nice place between his collar and his chin where my face just fit. "I guess you don't know who I am."

"No," he says, "I know who you're going to be, but who are you?"

"I'm Terrible Tessie, the kid that stayed up all night and caught Sandy Claus."

THE END



HOW SCIENCE MASTERED NATURE'S TECHNIQUE for Coloring Hair

MORE clearly than can anyone else, do the makers of Notox realize how many ages it must have taken Nature to evolve her marvelously ingenious mechanism for coloring the hair.

Of diffusing her rich pigments through the inner fibres of every single hair and of leaving its lustrous outer surface clear and gleaming.

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From the very outset of their attempt to do this, the professional staff of the Notox laboratories recognized that their only hope of finding a means of reclaiming all the true beauty for hair gray or graying, streaked or faded, lay in the degree of success they might have in mastering the technique of Nature.

THE rule-of-thumb methods obtaining in such preparations as restorers or other crude dyes, they of course ignored. Such processes were tantamount to painting the hair, covering it with a coarse crust of color, and so blanketing the very essence of the hair's charm, its glorious sheen. Entirely unlike Nature in method, such makeshifts were necessarily quite as unlike Nature in effect.

For that reason the Notox scientists focused their entire endeavor upon a means of duplicating Nature's method.

Of the fact that this might mean a labor of years they were fully aware; indeed, since it was a true labor of science, it must be.

And so it has been: three years of tireless research and trial and failure, of trial again and failure, and many times again—and then success.

The result of this scientific revolution against the old-fashioned and makeshift methods of coloring has been a revolution of the attitude of women toward hair coloring; with this new, this so delicately precise artifice for the restitution of the color in hair has arisen a nation of women devoted to its use.

Women of a most thoughtful and reflective mind, women whose background makes it imperative that they give the most thorough consideration to the every nicety of their appearance, now depend upon Notox as a fundamentally necessary accessory to the maintenance of their attraction.

For here at last is a coloring which, with the unerring finesse of the highly perfected scientific device, assures them of rekindling in their hair all the warm, vibrant tints of youth, without the sacrifice of so much as an infinitesimal part of the beauty that still endures; a coloring which conforms in every respect with the glorious coloring of Nature, because it constitutes a scientific duplication of the very method of Nature; here is Notox.

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Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Sixteen Pounds Underweight

I am sixteen pounds underweight. I know it is partly due to my nervous temperament. I haven't much of an appetite, but I do drink a considerable quantity of milk, yet do not seem to put on weight. What do you suggest?

X. X. X.

While milk is one of the most valuable foods that can be taken into the system, alone it does not contribute much in the way of flesh gaining. It should be taken, of course, but in conjunction with other foods. Most persons with disordered nerves have digestive disturbances and are afraid to eat the very foods that are best for them. An appetite can be trained, and a re-education of the mind to healthy and wholesome habits of thought is the first step in training. To gain weight one must eat and assimilate more food than is required for energy or work. And this food must be, in the main, kinds that supply fat. An increased amount of rest daily is imperative on a weight-gaining program.

The Baked-Potato Diet

Will the baked-potato diet reduce a person? And how many potatoes are you supposed to eat a day?* Do you take anything else with it?

Mrs. BEDE, Jacksonville, Fla.

You can reduce on the baked-potato diet. The program is: Breakfast: Coffee au lait (half hot milk and half coffee), no sweetening. Luncheon: One baked potato without butter and a glass of milk. Dinner: The same. You can see from this food supply you couldn't do much but get thin on it. There is the danger in diets of this sort of reducing too quickly. For the average person they are not as satisfactory in the long run as the diet and exercise programs, where the weight loss covers a period of months.

Paraffin Injections Dangerous

Will paraffin injections remove wrinkles?

CORRESPONDENT, East Orange, N. J.

They will be removed, all right, with the injection of liquid paraffin, but the danger of tumors developing from the irritation of the paraffin is so great that it would be suicidal to submit to the treatment. Some persons have been marred for life by these paraffin injections.

For a Shiny Nose

What can I do for a shiny nose? I will be all right when I leave home, but when I get to the theater it is shining, and I hate to be taking the powder puff out all the time.

LUCILLE V., N. Y.

Use a fat-free cream on your face in place of an oily cleanser. Add a couple of drops of tincture of benzoin to a cup of water and wipe the oily skin with it several times a day. If the pores are enlarged, which they usually are in cases of excessive oiliness, some astringent should be used daily. Witch-hazel is the basis of most good astringents. It is not wise to keep plastering powder on an oily nose. The pores are apt to become clogged and blackhead troubles ensue.

Bad Job of Hair Dyeing

I buy powdered henna in bulk and just make a paste of it with hot water to color my hair, which is gray. I have been using it for some time now and my hair is a bright reddish color, noticeably red, and I would like to know what I could mix with the henna to make it a more natural shade.

BEE L., St. Paul, Minn.

One form of economy I do not approve of is a woman dyeing her own hair. If one must dye it, then it is a job that should be intrusted to the hands of an expert, who can apply the paste evenly, who knows just how long to let it remain on and what color mixtures best blend with the original shade. It is expensive to keep up—but the home-brew dye operations are so rarely successful that I think a woman ought to save on something else. A bad job of hair dyeing is so distressingly ugly.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

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My Twenty-Five Years of Football

Photos by H. A. Atwell Studio

Eckersall (with ball) breaking away for a 65-yard run in the Chicago-Indiana game of 1906.

By Walter Eckersall

The Greatest of Quarterbacks Tells of the Hard Fought Struggles of 1903 and 1904

PART THREE

A 118-POUND boy electrified football fans of Chicago in the early days of the present century by tearing off tremendous runs, sharpshooting numberless field goals, and throwing himself under tons of beefy opponents.

He was Walter Eckersall, whose love for the game had been born when he was water boy during a contest between the Carlisle Indians and the University of Illinois. Between that and his entrance into Hyde Park High School in Chicago in 1899 he saw all the gridiron heroes of the Middle West, including Herschberger and Kennedy of Chicago and O'Dea of Wisconsin.

At high school he played a major part in the development of two of the greatest scholastic teams in football history. Eckersall was a star in every department of the game, and the Western Conference colleges vied with each other to secure his matriculation.

SUMMER of 1903 passed without my having decided which college to attend, although, like all the members of the Hyde Park High School champions, I had been "rushed" by the students and alumni of practically all of the colleges in the Western Conference, which had grown from seven to nine members.

Practice had started at the University of Chicago, which was near my home, and one day I drifted over to Marshall Field to look at the candidates at work. I crawled into one of the stands unnoticed and watched the men at work. The thud of the pigskin stirred my love of the game. I left the stand and made my way to where the candidates for the team were to practice.

"Give me a suit," I said, and I spent the rest of the afternoon with the University of Chicago candidates.

Many stories have since been told as to how and why I entered the University of Chicago instead of some other institution, but the one I have related is the truth.

There seems to have been a general expectation that I would enter Michigan, for several other members of the Hyde Park High School team had gone to Ann Arbor. Michigan at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

that time occupied a unique position in the Middle West. After two or three bad years, the Wolverines had obtained the services of Fielding H. Yost, and the teams of 1901 and 1902 had been miracle elevens. In 1901 Michigan had gone through the season undefeated and unscored on, and had run up 550 points against its opponents, which included most of the conference colleges. In 1902 it piled up 624 points, Minnesota, which was defeated 23 to 6, making the only points against it. The Michigan eleven was known as the "point-a-minute team" and its coach won the name he still holds of Hurry Up Yost.

Boss Weeks, who played quarterback on the two famous Michigan teams, had left school in the summer of 1903, and many writers assumed that I would fill his place. On the other hand, Chicago had in Lee Maxwell a quarterback who had been satisfactory the year before.

Chicago had plenty of good material. Ellsworth, its captain, was a kicker of considerable ability and a good center. Ivison, Bezdek, and Schnur were good backfield men. In addition there was Hitchcock, who had starred at North Division, but was a little light for a college back; also Catlin, who was used as a back this year, although he won his principal fame later on as an end. Speik and Kennedy were reliable ends.

The line was heavy with such players as Ed Parry, a tackle who was afterward used as a halfback and an end; Ahlswede, a guard; Hill, a steady forward; and Robert Maxwell, a former Englewood High School player against whom I had played two years before, at another guard. Maxwell later left Chicago for Swarthmore, where he became a sensation and was picked as an all-American linesman. Later he coached Swarthmore and became sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He was killed recently in an automobile accident.

THE first games of the 1903 season were easy for us. Englewood High School was beaten 4 to 0, Lawrence 23 to 0, and Lombard 34 to 0. We began to dream of getting in Michigan's class when we rolled up 108 points against Monmouth. Lee Maxwell, McMillan, and I were used alternately at quarter, and none of us could consider himself the regular.

The first conference game of the season was played against Indiana and at that time the make-up of the team was practically decided. Lee Maxwell was sent to end and I was used at quarterback throughout the game. Twice I managed to get away for seventy-five-yard runs, each ending in touchdowns, and just before the game ended I kicked a goal from the field from the forty-five-yard line, making the final score 33 to 0.

Cornell College from Iowa, Purdue, and Rush Medical School furnished us with fairly easy oppo-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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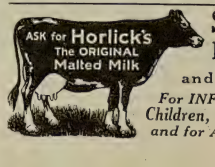

Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

nents for the next games and we were ready for our second conference game of the year—the one with Northwestern.

We had been inclined to underrate Northwestern, but our overconfidence was shattered before the game was well under way. Taking the ball on their own fifteen-yard line, the Northwestern backs began a procession down the field. They played close behind the line, facing each other. Our tackles were chosen as the points of attack. When the tackles played high, they were bowled over, and the Northwestern backs went through the openings. When they played low, the Northwestern backs hurdled over them.

THE procession continued until our goal line was near. Then as Dixie Fleager, the Northwestern captain, was hurled over the line for what appeared to be a certain touchdown, one of our men stole the ball from his arms and the danger was over for the minute.

Northwestern kept the ball most of the time and almost constantly threatened our goal. Western teams at that time played only a single line of defense, the halfbacks being played on the same line as the guards and tackles, filling the gaps between ends and tackles. At the end of the first half, Stagg had us abandon the Western defense.

Our halves were told to play immediately behind the tackles. This plan of defense, similar to the one now almost universally used, worked better.

Still there is no gainsaying the fact that we were outplayed, and outplayed badly. And if we retained any conceit after that game we should have lost it after the one with Illinois. Illinois, while in the conference, was rated about with Purdue and Indiana.

At the very start of the game, Rothgeb, the Illinois captain, picked up a fumble and ran fifty yards for a touchdown, crossing our goal line for the first time during the year and putting his team in the lead, 6 to 0. But it wasn't long before the game was tied.

After the kickoff, Muhl was forced to punt from his twenty-four-yard line. The punt came to me on the Chicago fifty-yard line and I caught it with three Illinois tacklers right upon me. I managed to wriggle through them, but a fourth drove me toward the side lines. I dodged him, and by this time an interference had been formed which enabled me to get through the rest of the broken field and score a touchdown. Shortly after, Ivison scored on a twenty-eight-yard run and Catlin picked up a fumble and repeated Rothgeb's performance, giving us the game, 18 to 6, but with little glory.

Perhaps the Northwestern and the Illinois games were just what we needed in preparation for the Wisconsin contest, which was played at Madison. Wisconsin had a better team than we had, and we knew it; but we were determined to do or die.

We started in well and managed to get the ball to the twenty-five-yard line, but the backs could carry it no further, so I was forced to drop back and kick a goal from the field. Twice again we started for the Wisconsin goal line, but each time when we got within the twenty-five-yard line, I was forced to kick field goals.

The three goals, each counting five points, and each from within the thirty-five-yard lines, were the only scores we made. Wisconsin tried desperately to offset these 15 points. Once the Badgers carried the ball ninety-seven yards, only to lose it on our three-yard line and to have me kick it out of danger.

They started their procession again just before the second half ended, and this time they could not be denied, Vanderboom finally carrying the ball over for the only touchdown of the game.

Alonzo Stagg, University of Chicago coach (at left), developing a new play.

A game with the Haskell Indians, which we barely won by 17 to 11, followed; then the team headed for West Point, at that time one of the best teams in the East.

WE scored first and were leading 6 to 0 when West Point forced the ball to the ten-yard line. There the cadets were held and tried for a place kick. Bezdek broke through and blocked the kick, but the ball pounced into the arms of a West Pointer, who carried it to the one-yard line. After that West Point scored a touchdown, but failed to kick goal, and we were still leading 6 to 5 when the last play of the game occurred.

We had taken the ball away from West Point and I punted from back of our goal line to the forty-yard line. Ordinarily the kick would have assured us the game, but unfortunately Catlin, charging down the field to tackle the West Point back about to catch the ball, got in the way of the kick and it hit him on the back.

Even then we thought we were safe, but the West Pointers claimed that Catlin had interfered with a fair catch and the referee ruled in their favor, penalizing us fifteen yards. This gave West Point a free kick from the twenty-five-yard line and it was made. The score was 10 to 6 against us as the game ended.

WE still had a chance for the Western championship. We played Michigan on Thanksgiving Day. It snowed heavily before the game and the field was banked with snow. Time after time the heavy Michigan backs—Heston, Graver, and Longman—tore through our line. Heston, one of the greatest backs that ever played the game, was a hard man to stop, but I managed to get him. Michigan scored three touchdowns and my old team mate, Tom Hammond of Hyde Park High School, who later came out of the World War in command of an artillery regiment, added two goals from placement, making the score 28 to 0. It was a bitter pill for Chicago to swallow, for their hopes for the championship had been high after the Wisconsin game.

We started the 1904 season with a rush. Our backfield was strengthened by the addition of Leo De Tray, a former North Division star, and Fred Walker, a former Hyde Parker, who afterward was a professional baseball star. Bezdek, our fullback, was greatly improved. We defeated three of the conference teams by big scores—Indiana 56 to 0, Purdue 20 to 0, and Iowa 39 to 0. In the Iowa game, I was fortunate enough to return a kickoff ninety-five yards for a touchdown.

This year we took no chances with Northwestern, which had tied us the year before. Northwestern had been strengthened by the addition of Jimmy Johnson, the former Carlisle Indian star, who had been picked for the All-American by Walter Camp in 1903. We rated Johnson highly, but almost at the start of the game he ceased to be a factor, when big Ed Parry, playing tackle, hit him hard. After that tackle, Johnson did little. Meantime, we ran up a score of 32 points. My contribution was two goals from the field.

Illinois, however, proved the same sort of stumblingblock for us that Northwestern had the year before. Playing us after we had tackled four conference teams in a row, it held us to a 6-to-6 score, considered a triumph for our opponents. We recovered the next week and beat Texas 68 to 0, and were ready for Michigan.

The game against Michigan started with a rout and ended in glory. Michigan scored its first touchdown in five minutes of play, Tom Hammond carrying the ball across. Its second touchdown came a few minutes later after the Wolverines had plowed their way ninety yards down the field.

But, like Paul Jones, we had just begun to fight. I had a twenty-mile wind at my back, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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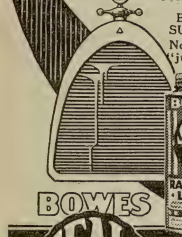

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[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

punting from our own thirty-five-yard line, sent the ball over the Michigan goal line, seventy-five yards away, for a touchback. It was one of the longest punts I ever made. Michigan kicked out from within its own twenty-five-yard line and against the wind. We got the ball in the middle of the field and with it our opportunity.

Bezdek, Parry, and De Tray were hurled against the giants of the Michigan line and, fighting like madmen, they gained a yard or two at a time, but enough to keep the ball. Finally Bezdek was shot across the line for the first touchdown we had made against Michigan in four years. But it was at the expense of the ruin of our team. Bezdek, Parry, and Catlin limped to the side lines. De Tray joined them later and Boone was ruled out of the game. The subs fought as viciously as our regulars, but the Wolverines scored their third touchdown before the half ended.

Eckersall (wearing sweater) rehearsing a backfield formation.

IT was a patchwork Chicago team that met the enemy in the second half. Soon after the half opened, the break of the game favored us. We had kicked off and Michigan was carrying the ball toward our goal when Heston, its great halfback, fumbled. I picked up the ball and behind a hastily formed interference carried it across the Michigan goal line for our second touchdown of the game, and the score was 16 to 12. From that time on the battle was fiercer than ever, for another touchdown would win for us and a goal from the field would tie the score.

Finally, Michigan was able to start another procession, and it managed to gather another touchdown and win the game 22 to 12.

Michigan had won; but the Chicago students hailed the game as a victory. A mass meeting and a banquet greeted us on our return. I still feel that except for our injuries we would have been able to anticipate history and to beat Michigan a year before we did.

This year, we met Wisconsin on Thanksgiving Day, instead of Michigan. Wisconsin had been beaten by Michigan 28 to 0, while the Wolverines had had trouble with us, so we went on the field confident of victory.

We started by making a touchdown on straight football within a few minutes of the opening of the game, and kicked a goal. But soon after, Wisconsin duplicated our touchdown, but failed at goal; the score stood 6 to 5 in our favor.

THE game was nip and tuck in the second half until De Tray picked up a Wisconsin fumble and converted it into a Chicago touchdown, bringing the score to 12 to 5.

On the next play Melzner, the Wisconsin quarterback, kicked off with the wind at his back and the ball sailed down the field right into my arms as I stood back of our five-yard line. I had thought of letting the ball go over our goal line for a touchback, but in the brief time given me to decide I saw that an interference had already formed for me, and I sprang forward the moment I held the pigskin securely.

For the first twenty yards it was easy going, but by that time I had overrun my own interference and I swung toward the west side line, running all alone. Bush, Brindley, O'Brien, and Melzner had cut diagonally for the side lines also. I sidestepped two of them, Captain Speik took care of a third, and I had only Melzner to reckon with. I don't know to this day how I slipped through his arms, but I did, and ran straight as a bee line for the Wisconsin goal line.

This 110-yard run settled the game. Wisconsin scored another touchdown later on, and we were within a few feet of our fourth one, but neither mattered. The final score was 18 to 11 and a successful season had closed.

The bitter conference games that raged during Walter Eckersall's career at the University of Chicago and the changes in football rules instigated by President Roosevelt are recounted in the fourth article in this series, which will appear in next week's issue.

Are You Well Bred

But Still an Outsider?

"WITH culture you can make of yourself what you please!" Lord Chesterfield exclaimed.

How about you? Have you culture? If so, are you employing it to the best advantage? For those who succeed most easily are the people of culture. They make friends quickly. They inspire confidence, admiration, respect. They easily win social and business success. Yet it is so natural for even well-bred persons to acquire little habits, little mannerisms that lower them in people's eyes—and keep them mere outsiders!

Are You Self-Conscious?

Are *you* doing justice to yourself? Are *you* expressing your innate culture? Do you feel at home in a cultured gathering? Or are you ill-at-ease, timid, self-conscious? Have you the gift of impressing people favorably? Can you discuss intelligently art, music, literature, the drama? Is your smile engaging—your voice friendly? Do you invite admiration? Can you command respect? Can you tactfully handle a difficult situation? Are you absolutely *sure* of yourself on every occasion—in every situation?

It isn't enough to know rules of etiquette. For etiquette is merely a surface indication of culture —often actually used to *hide* a lack of refinement. The cultured person does the right thing at the right time—*instinctively*. And now you, too—can easily master these easy principles of culture!

Get This Free Booklet

Illustrated booklet, "The Development of Culture," will be sent you Free—simply for signing the coupon. This wonderful culture-guide reveals methods of acquiring secrets of poise, refinement, self-advancement—shows how to avoid embarrassment, humiliation, social suicide—tells how to make success-bringing culture "second nature" to you! No obligation. Absolutely Free! Send for your copy —TODAY! Nelson Doubleday, Dept. C-23710, Garden City, N. Y.

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Without obligating me in the least, please send me at once your illustrated booklet which describes the "Science of Culture."

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Personality Leads in Paris Frocks

By Bettina Bedwell

FASHION, to the Frenchwoman, is like a hatrack on which to hang her decorative individuality. She doesn't go in much for clothes inspired by the costumes of other nations; her personality is, after all, a sort of national thing.

If a Parisienne has a mouth with a heavy lower lip, it is rouged as is. She has hips, and doesn't care who knows it; but she takes jolly good care that her hips are a graceful complement to her walk. Naturally, she favors certain Paris couturiers who make a point of dressing Parisian hips. One of these is Louiseboulanger.

One of the models here illustrated shows how she enhances the hipline that measures a good forty. The belt makes a pleasing movement on the hips. The dress is of salmon-pink georgette, with a skirt covered entirely by gold spangles—the kind that dangle loose from a single thread and give grace of movement to the woman slightly plump.

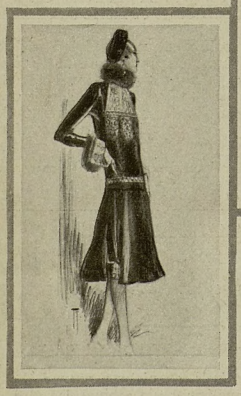
I saw this frock last Sunday night at the Ritz. Yes, you're right; a Parisienne wore it. She was born, not married, into the French aristocracy, and she sat with distinction among her American friends with such French names as Princesse de Polignac, Comtesse de Rougemont, and Comtesse Lepic.

Now look at the pictured robe dansante from Paul Poiret. He calls it Renoir, after the famous French painter.

Poiret has put into this frock all of that worship of luscious color and feminine curve that characterized the paintings of Renoir.

CUBISTIC designs ornament this silk sweater with its suit of black and blue.

A FROCK of salmon pink, having a skirt of gold pendent spangles.



FOR autumn afternoons the Frenchwoman wears this ensemble of black velvet.

GREEN tulle bolero waist, fastened with felt flowers, over a black foundation.

It has a foundation of black crepe de Chine, over which is placed a bolero waist of green tulle embroidered in black dots, fastened down with a bouquet of felt flowers in rose and green, with a gold ribbon, also trimmed with felt flowers, floating from the back of the neck. The skirt is of dotted tulle, trimmed with lace and tulle ruffles in green and black alternating.

This frock achieved the feat of appearing distinguished at the Ritz on a Sunday night in the midst of the most cosmopolitan society ever seen under one roof. A monarch and his queen, their kingdom still intact, sat at one side; an heir to vast empires at the other. A movie queen and her titled satellites were in front. The richest and best dressed woman in the world was "among those present," with titled heads like so many cabbages in rows along the tables.

According to her personality, the Parisienne wears one of two things at the races: either the sports costume or the ensemble.

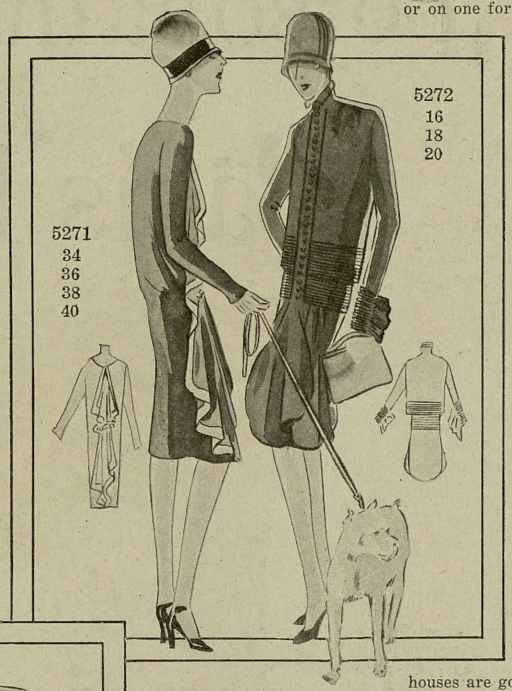
Our second illustration shows the ideal sports ensemble, that just oozes character all over. Louiseboulanger made it, and her exclusive clientele are showing it to the world now.

It is a three-piece suit, with hip-length jaquette and wrap-around skirt of blue-and-black mixed wool. With these two pieces, the Parisienne wears a silk sweater painted in modernistic designs.

The afternoon model at the extreme left is from Paul Poiret. It is of black velvet, with collar and bands of black marten, and a yoke and revers on the sleeves made of blood-orange velvet embroidered over with gold. The set-in belt is of black velvet embroidered in gold. Above it the waist, below the yoke, is embroidered in steel in the same design that appears on the yoke. A suggestion of red-orange velvet embroidered in gold appears on the skirt above the knees.

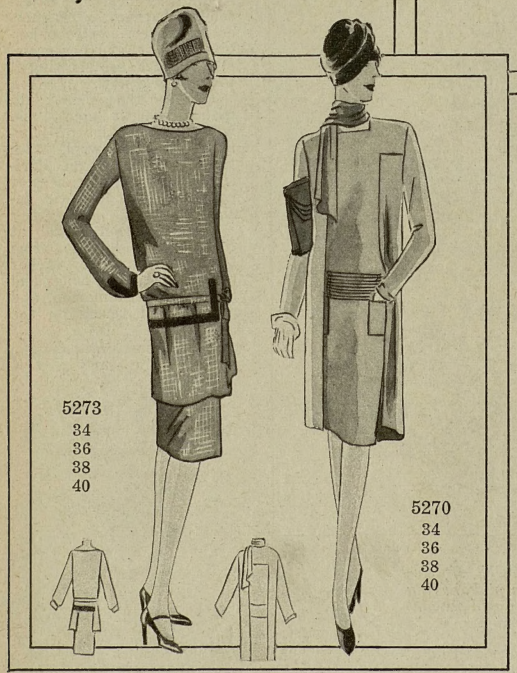
Adapting French Models *to American Lines*

By Mary Brush Williams



AT the left, the dress with a tiered skirt is of red velvet with a glazed silver finish.

RED crepe de Chine is used for the smart frock in coat effect, with the corded girdle.



AMERICANS have introduced a new system in fashions: Instead of importing innumerable French models, as we used to do, we now are engaged in making our French models at home. Thus the distribution of French costuming reaches a far greater number of persons.

Formerly buyers would go over to Paris from dear knows how many separate American houses, and, in deep secrecy one from another, would select exactly the same dresses for reproduction at home. So, when twenty costumes arrived in New York, say, there would be about four different styles. Mrs. Van Green and Mrs. Anderson would meet each other at the Horse Show in dresses precisely alike, which they had bought at different houses, each with the view of putting it all over on the other in the matter of her appearance on the opening night.

Nowadays, we have either a resident Paris buyer or one who virtually commutes between there and New York. She has the models to which she takes a fancy sent over, and we turn our good American manufacturers loose on the business of duplicating them in dozens. The result is that during the last four years our costuming has been transformed.

But, in accomplishing this, the city of Paris also has been transformed. An elaborate network of American business methods has spread over the town. Old rooms hung in brocades and laces, whose crystal chandeliers once shook to the tread of the Louis's, now quiver to life in the nervous excitement of some young American business woman. She holds frenzied conferences in those rooms that were once given over to matters of life and state and guillotining, and what she takes counsel on is whether to place $400 on a sports model or on one for the afternoon creations.

On her decision rests the coming American styles. In due time, after it is reached, a business communication comes back regarding that and other models, containing full instruction as to where to buy each item that goes into the making of these dresses.

That is the way we are working the matter at present. But to Paris we are still indebted for ideas. Callot, Lanvin, Cheruit, and Jenny still furnish us with styles.

ITEMS of news concern themselves entirely with detail. It is the style to have one part of the dress, say the skirt, of wool; the other part of velvet. Bands of the wool will edge the pockets, cuffs, and neckline of the bodice; pipings of the velvet will follow the seams and sometimes the bottom of the skirt.

One is obliged to admit the houses are going in of late for over-complication. There is no line to their models, and they are covered with tiresome detail.

IN the left of the picture, a black satin dress, its long jabot bound in white satin.

THE frock in bolero style is of crepe de Chine, heavily corded to stand out at waistline.

Of all the people who manage detail, I think Louiseboulanger's art is the best.

Meantime, one of the effects in which we everyday folk can put up a beautiful appearance is accomplished with a black velvet dress and a Venetian lace collar. They are both so very becoming!

Many of the smartest houses have velvet dresses with jabots and cuffs of lace. Then again, some of these trimmings are of lawn and linen finely tucked and embroidered, and accompanied by waistcoats of moire and ribbed silk.

Some of the costumes are completed with a black velvet coat which has white fur trimming, and perhaps a lining of fur. One of these outfits is as lovely a thing as you can get for afternoon occasions in the winter. It will have all of the soft becomingness that comes with white and velvet, as well as the sense of elegance that these rather Victorian materials give.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by Mary Manton

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Auto-Intoxication - -

Self-poisoning that takes from nearly everyone some part of health - - some portion of vitality - -

There are people with every reason to be cheerful and happy, who are nervous and irritable. There are people who are spared hardship who are always fagged and tired . . . Full of life sometimes and then, for no apparent cause, listless and dull. Auto-Intoxication is a drag upon the lives of thousands.

* * *

The excitement and the strain of this fast moving existence have changed, in no small degree, our normal existence as human beings.

The automobile saves us from walking —a hundred labor-saving devices lighten the work of our women, make easy the tasks of our men.

We work less physically, but we drive our brains harder. We skimp on rest and sleep—we live on our nerves. We overwork our stomachs, but we under-use our muscles.

Planned to work outdoors, to eat simply and to rest well, our bodies are harmed, not helped, by so much ease, so much comfort. Our normal bodily functions need to be prompted. All too often, food remains within us for more than a span of 24 hours, fermenting, setting up poisons, and causing intestinal toxemia, or, as it is more popularly called, Auto-Intoxication.

How does Auto-Intoxication affect our lives?

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are carried through the body by the blood. These poisons of waste induce a feeling of lassitude, of inaction, of sudden fatigue, of drowsiness after meals. They are responsible, not alone for many intestinal derangements, but also for their bad secondary effects upon our central nervous system. For while they dull the wits, they sharpen the nerves. They make their subject, man or woman, irritable, tired and depressed.

* * *

It is the exceptional person who, today, is free from Auto-Intoxication, a trouble which could not exist if we lived normally, worked outdoors enough and kept our poison-cleaning apparatus functioning correctly.

SAL HEPATICA has been the standard saline for 31 years. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the correct way to combat Auto-Intoxication. For the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

* * *

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts directly and promptly upon the intestines —the seat of Auto-Intoxication—Sal Hepatica is indicated in combating this self-poisoning, where the first step is to eliminate the waste products and to cleanse the intestines of the poisons which cause so many of our modern ills. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York

Sal Hepatica

© 1926

Won't you, too, switch to IPANA-for just a single month?

THERE'S just a bit of a catch in that sentence to the right. For we believe that after the month is over, you will be so delighted with the beneficial effects and the delicious taste of Ipana, that, like thousands of others you will continue to use it—and like it—for a long, long time.

Ipana's fresh flavor will win you instantly; you will be delighted with its power to keep your teeth clean. And, if you follow our advice in the way you should use it, you will discover how valuable it is in keeping your gums in perfect condition.

How Ipana and massage offset the damage soft food does

Our food today, with its savory sauces and its creamy coverings, is devoid of the fibre and roughage that once kept gums in health. It denies to the gums the healthful exercise and stimulation they require to keep them firm and sound.

Under this daily regime of soft food, gums become tender and weak. They soften, and "pink tooth brush" warns of more serious troubles to come.

But, with the aid of Ipana and massage, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, healthy and sound. Simply brush your gums gently with Ipana after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If at first they are too tender, begin by massaging them with a little Ipana on the fingers. Later as the tissues grow firmer the tooth brush should be used for this gentle twice-a-day frictionizing.

The massage will rouse the circulation within the gum walls and bring a suffusion of fresh blood to this stagnant area. And Ipana itself, because of its ziratol content, will strengthen and tone the gum tissue, rendering it more resistant to disease. Ziratol is a hemostatic and antiseptic, used for years by dentists in their work, to allay bleeding and to strengthen weakened gums.

Ask your own dentist about Ipana, if you like. He knows it and can attest its virtues. For our professional men have demonstrated Ipana's benefits to over 50,000 dentists. In fact, it was by professional recommendation that Ipana was first made known to the public.

Dentists agree that modern food—the soft, creamy things we eat every day of our lives—is the cause of nine-tenths of all the tooth and gum troubles so widely prevalent today.

Ask your druggist today for a full-size tube

Of course, we will gladly send a ten-day trial if you care to return the coupon in the corner. But a full-size tube from your nearest drug store, used faithfully for thirty days, is a fairer test of all Ipana can do in caring for your teeth and in restoring your gums to normal soundness and health.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB106, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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